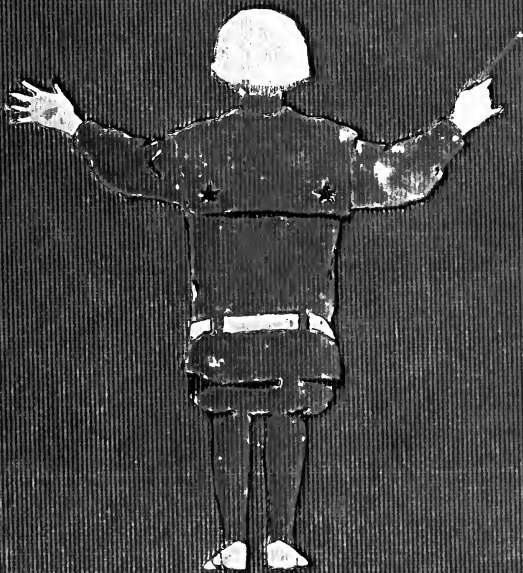


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Every Child Should Know

Edited by Dolores Bacon



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SONGS THAT EVERY
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After the Same Series

MYTHS EVERY CHILD SHOULD
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FAIRY TALES EVERY CHILD
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ILTON WRIGHT MABIE.

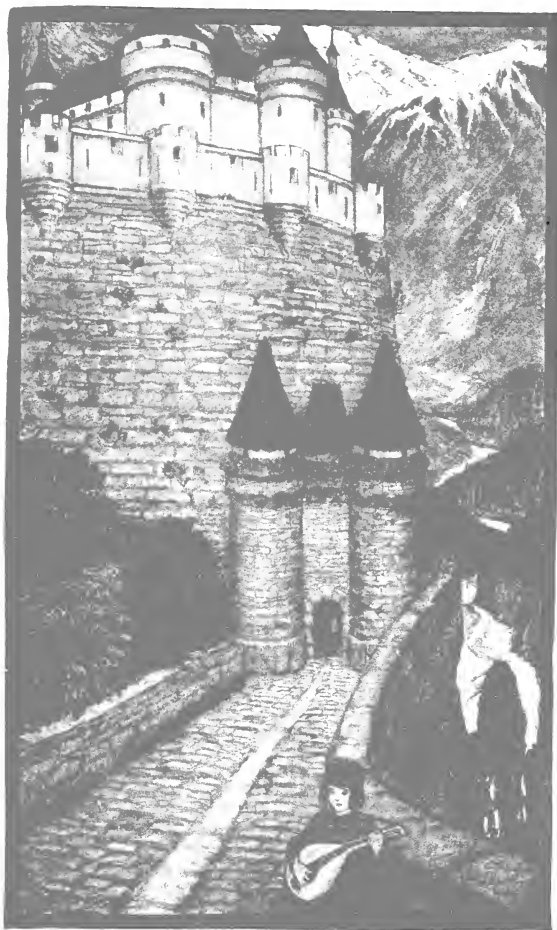
POEMS EVERY CHILD SHOULD
KNOW. Edited by MARY E. BURT.

PUBL

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"Where music dwells lingering."

SONGS EVERY CHILD SHOULD KNOW

A SELECTION OF THE BEST SONGS
OF ALL NATIONS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

===== EDITED BY =====

D O L O R E S M . B A C O N

ILLUSTRATED AND DECORATED
BY BLANCHE OSTERTAG



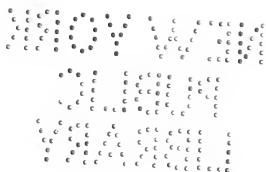
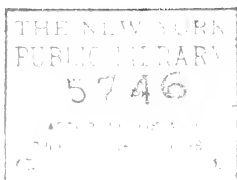
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1907

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FOREWORD

YOUR scientific men but seldom have much music in their souls, and concerning this Shakespere grows severe. Notwithstanding Shakespere, we shall forgive these unmelodious folk, since it is probably they who enable us to live to enjoy that which the scientist more or less disregards.

Since music is the temperamental pulse of a people, this collection of songs that every child should know may be accepted as a revelation as well as an entertainment. The songs have been selected not especially for their technical musical value, but by reason of several things. Many of the songs included here are almost without musical value; but when they have not music to commend them, they are at least a reflection of a time or period in the musical development of a nation; or they have been included here for that nameless quality which results in popularity. One and all, they are songs that every child should know.

If Mozart has been chosen for his loveliness, Dibdin and other English song-makers for their exuberance or superlative good health, or the Irish for a whimsical plaintiveness, so, also, could we wish to include "rag-time," because it may be honored as an extreme study in syncopation which has at one time prevailed in a certain locality. The omission

of the rag-time song is prompted by literary discretion. But, on the whole, its extreme syncopation is likely to have a more or less universal effect upon musical composition. Whatever is eminently characteristic is bound to record itself.

The Foster music, not excepting even "My Old Kentucky Home," could have no proper place in musical art; but it has its place among the songs that every child should know, because it reflects the white man's idea of how the negro music should sound. Foster's "negro" melodies bear no relation to negro harmonics or melody, negro music being mostly recorded in minor cadences and with intervals peculiar to no other music. Once it is identified, even by the uninitiated, it can no more be mistaken again than could Tzigane music. The Foster songs tell of the sentimentalist's notion of the negro's temperament. To the sentimentalist, the negro emotionalizes after a dreary legato fashion, which is altogether bathotic. To the musician, however, the remarkable minors and the harmonic-gymnastics of the demi-semi tone reveal an untamability, — a sort of temperamental despair.

Such songs as "Roll, Jordan, Roll" are written along the lines of original Afro-American song, — slightly formulated by the white man.

Before the Civil War the popular poetry, the popular "buck-eye" painture, and the popular music generally represented the untoward death or withdrawal of, or separation from, some beloved person or thing; this is remarked by Fitz-Gerald in his "Stories of Famous Songs." "Old Dog

Tray," "The Old Oaken Bucket," and other doggerel as to verse and absurdity as to lyrics, are examples of such music-pathos; yet these songs had a place, and a large place, in the hearts of a whole people, therefore they became dignified for all time, and have found a place here.

So far as was practicable, authoritative notes have been published with the songs in this book, but there is certain history too extensive to publish thus, and which is best mentioned prefatorily. The authorship of "Rock Me To Sleep" was at one time bitterly disputed. The words were written by Elizabeth Akers-Allen, but a man named Ball laid claim to the extraordinarily popular song, — popular by reason of the words, — and at about the same time claimants sprang up all over the country. At that period Mark Twain was almost an unknown humorous quantity, but Ball's nonsense so aroused Twain's humorous sense that he sprang to print on the subject. A travesty was presented by him in the form of editorial prose and has almost been lost to memory and to history. The lines are here recalled and recorded, and should be preserved as an inalienable part of the "Rock-Me-To-Sleep" controversy, since, upon their publication, Mrs. Akers-Allen immediately came into her own. Mark Twain wrote thus: —

"Backward, speed backward, O Ball, in your flight! make not an ass of yourself (just for to-night) — pull the few silver threads out of your hair; fill up and varnish those furrows of care — care that was born of attempting Fame's steep which you could n't climb, Ball, whom none rocked to sleep.

O, Bally, come back from the echoing shore! cease for a season the public to bore with your infamous rhymes and your stupid complaint, for you know you are claiming to be what you ain't. O, drivel no more, don't snuffle, don't weep — hang up your lyre, Ball, I 'LL rock YOU to sleep!"

The absurdity of this thing did more to settle Ball's mal-claim than all kinds of argument could have done.

In one or two cases the original setting of words has given place to the music of some modern composer, because of the peculiar fitness of the new music. For such a reason the setting of the Rev. Hobart B. Whitney's music to the world-old song — "Sleep, Baby, Sleep" — is given. In this instance Mr. Whitney's music has precedence over many other melodies made for the words.

"The Nipper's Lullaby" deserves to stand beside Dibdin's songs; the Chevalier songs have made art-history, as Dibdin's did.

In a letter written by Mrs. T. B. Gerow of Atchison, Kansas, while the Cuban War was on, she wrote of a "Hot Time in the Old Town."

"Whatever the war may add to the country that the country does n't want, it has added a new military nonsense song — this 'Hot Time' song! It will go down to history with 'Slap Bang' and 'Dixie,' 'Lilli Burlero' and 'Yankee Doodle.' I hope its origin will not be lost to history as is 'Yankee Doodle's': when this country makes a classic it deserves the credit. 'Hot Time' is first of all a Roosevelt song. It is sung out here on every conceivable occasion and it is only a question of time when the Salvationers adopt it. It has certainly come to stay — so let the war go on."

This letter, which I quote correctly, has suggested a classification in the making of this book, — “Military Nonsense Songs,” — and Mrs. Gerow’s prophecy has been fulfilled. “The Hot Time,” although not included in this collection, has become a national song, and the “Salvationers” do sing it, and to words something like this:—

“Salvation’s the best thing in this world,
Salvation’s the best thing in this world,” etc.

The words given with the tune of “Yankee Doodle” are used because they make a happy jingle of facts which may thus be easily impressed upon a child’s mind. The traditional words are the ones appended. Of the words written with the music, Moor’s encyclopædia says:—

“During the summer of 1755, an army was being organized on the banks of the Hudson, nearly opposite Albany, for defence against the French and Indians. Volunteers from the country flocked in, and their rustic appearance, as they drilled to the music of fife and drum, afforded much amusement for the regulars. Dr. Schackburg of the British army, thinking to have a little fun, wrote a melody and presented it to the rustics as one of the most celebrated martial airs. The joke took, and shortly ‘Yankee Doodle’ was heard throughout the Provincial Army. The tune has been sung to various words since the time of Cromwell, and is said to have been known, for centuries back, as a Spanish national air.”

The Stevenson songs are necessarily omitted by reason of copyright complications.

Moore’s “Irish Melodies” are not included here as an especial enlightenment or illumination of Irish

music, because Moore's collection does not stand for correctness in its relation to Irish music; but those songs stand for the tenderest, most joyous lilt of heart and mind in history, and as a revelation of personality, alone, they should be of great value.

The superficially passionate, but emotionally energetic, songs of France, have a deservedly large place here, since they are generally as inspiring as the French temperament itself, and they are often as fascinating in their elegance. For a sort of gracious plaintiveness there is no better example than the air of Henri III, — *J'ai perdu celle*.

There is little to be said here of the German compositions: no one has ever yet been able to say enough, while the music itself says all. We may find beauty of feature, elegance of deportment, tenderness of feeling, heroic step and aspect, good health, mischief, tears and vagary in music that comes to us from all points of the compass, but to Germany alone has fallen the splendid power of offering to us all of these things. To the music-lover it is Germany who loses her identity in her music. The Hungarians do so never; the French, seldom; the English by no possibility are successfully anything but their good, sound, robustious selves.

In presenting these songs, the emasculated, popular versions of words are not herein given, but almost always the original versions. Recognition is due to Fitz-Gerald, Dr. Perry and Professor Rowlands, editors of "Cambrian Minstrelsie," and to others, for certain picturesque details which it

has been thought well to include in the annotation of these songs. Especial recognition is due Miss Velma Swanston for the translations of the Swedish songs "The Crystal Maiden" and "Thou Ancient, Thou Wholesome, Thou Mountainous North." To the Rev. Hobart B. Whitney we are indebted for the only translation and arrangement and adaptation of the words and music of the wonderful "Björneborgarne's March," — that *Marseillaise* of the North, — typical, rugged, vigorous! This extraordinary piece typifies a people, their sentiment and their temperament.

We should apologize for the omission of much that many will miss, and for the inclusion of much that many would like to miss; but it is Mr. George Cary Eggleston who has aptly said in the preface to a book of "War Ballads": "If a book be in need of apology, no apology is sufficient for it."

DOLORS BACON.

SONGS THAT EVERY CHILD
SHOULD KNOW

SONGS THAT EVERY CHILD SHOULD KNOW

All Thro' the Night

This is famous in Wales for its immortal popularity, and is world-known for its rare melodic beauty.

Words by HARRY BOULTON.

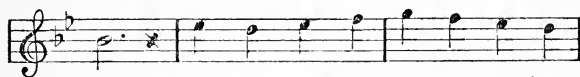
Tune, *Ar Hyd Y Nos.*
(*Old Welsh Melody.*)



Sleep, my love and peace attend thee, All thro' the night ;



Guard-ian an - gels God will lend thee, All thro' the



night. Soft the drow - sy hours are creeping,



Hill and vale in slum-ber steeping, Love a-lone his



watch is keep - ing, All thro' the night.

Though I roam a minstrel lonely,

All thro' the night ;

My true harp shall praise thee only,

All thro' the night.

4 *Songs That Every Child Should Know*

Love's young dream, alas! is over,
Yet my strains of love shall hover,
Near the presence of my lover,
All thro' the night.

Hark! a solemn bell is ringing,
Clear thro' the night;
Thou, my love, art heav'n-ward winging,
Home thro' the night.
Earthly dust from off thee shaken,
Soul immortal, thou shalt waken,
With thy last dim journey taken,
Home thro' the night.

Ancient Lullaby

Irish



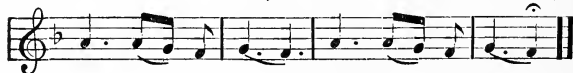
Sweet babe, a gold - en cra - dle holds thee,



Soft a snow-white fleece en-folds thee, Fair-est flow'rs are



strewn be - fore thee, Sweet birds war - ble o'er thee,



Sho - heen Sho lo! . . lu, lu, lo, lo! . .

Oh, sleep, my baby, free from sorrow,
Bright thou 'lt ope thine eyes to-morrow;
Sleep, while o'er thy smiling slumbers
Angels chant their numbers.

Shoheen Sho lo! lu, lu, lo, lo!

Annie Laurie

The romantic interest in this song had its foundation in the loves of Douglas of Finland and Annie Laurie. The original music was written by Douglas. Two stanzas are appended, which are the original verses; the first one having been vouched for and signed, as below, in 1854, by an old lady, who was the granddaughter of Douglas.

Music by LADY JOHN SCOTT.

Max - wel - ton's braes are bon - nie, Where
 ear - ly fa's the dew, And'twas there that An - nie
 Lau - rie, Gave me her prom - ise true; Gave
 me her prom - ise true, Which ne'er for - got will
 be, And for bon - nie An - nie Lau - rie I'd
 lay me down and dee.

Her brow is like the snawdrift,
 Her throat is like the swan;
 Her face it is the fairest
 That e'er the sun shone on.

6 *Songs That Every Child Should Know*

That ere the sun shone on,
And dark blue is her e'e,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me down and dee.

Like dew on th' gowan lying
Is th' fa' o' her fairy feet,
And like winds in summer sighing,
Her voice is low and sweet.
Her voice is low and sweet,
And she's a' the world to me,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me down and dee.

FIRST ORIGINAL STANZA

Maxwelton's banks are bonnie,
They're a' clad owre wi' dew,
Where I an' Annie Laurie
Made up the bargain true.
Made up the bargain true,
Which ne'er forgot s'all be,
An' for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me down an' dee.

(Signed) "Clark Douglas" with note: "I mind na mair. August 30, 1854."

SECOND ORIGINAL STANZA

She's backit like the peacock,
She's breistit like the swan,
She's jimp around the middle,
Her waist ye weel nicht span, —

Her waist ye weel nicht span, —
An' she has a rolling e'e,
An' for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me down an' dee.

Annie of Tharau

Words by SIMON DACH (1638).

Music, SILCHER (1825).

Translator, CHAPMAN.

Moderato.



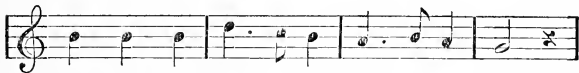
An - nie of Tha - rau, 'tis she that I love,



She is my life and all rich - es a - bove;



An - nie of Tha - rau has giv'n me her heart,



We shall be lov - ers till death us do part.



An - nie of Tha - rau, my king - dom, my wealth,



Soul of my bod - y and blood of my health.

8 Songs That Every Child Should Know

Say we be caught in the stormiest weather,
We're of a mind that we'll stand it together;
Sickness, misfortune, and trouble and pain,
All to our love shall be nothing but gain.
Annie of Tharau, my sun and sunshine,
This life of mine will I throw around thine.

Straight as a tree that, rising on high,
Wards off the hail and the rain from the sky,
So shall our love for each other be strong,
Love will protect us, whatever go wrong.
Annie of Tharau, my kingdom, my wealth,
Soul of my body and blood of my health.

Say you should ever be parted from me,
Say that you dwelt where the sun they scarce see,
Where you go I go, o'er oceans and lands,
Prisons and fetters and enemies' hands.
Annie of Tharau, my sun and sunshine,
This life of mine will I throw around thine.

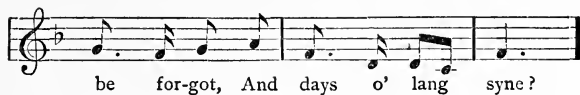
Auld Lang Syne*

Composed for the overture to the opera of *Rosina*, about 1782. Words of second and third stanzas may have been, probably were, written by Robert Burns. Words were adapted to music by Thomas in 1799.

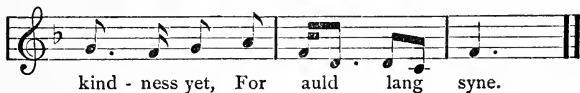
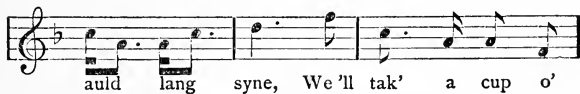
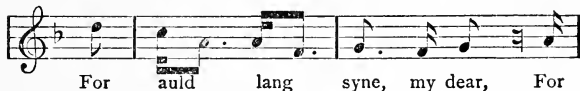
Moderato.

Should auld acquaint-ance be for-got, And
nev-er brought to min'? Should auld acquaintance

* Old long since.



Chorus.



We twa hae run about the braes,
And pu'd the gowans fine;
But we've wander'd mony a weary foot,
Sin auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, etc.

We twa hae paidl't in the burn
Frae morning sun till dine;
But seas between us braid hae roar'd
Sin auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, etc.

And there's a hand, my trusty friend,
And gie's a hand o' thine;
And we'll tak' a right gude willy-waught*
For auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, etc.

* Good-will draught.

10 *Songs That Every Child Should Know*

And surely you 'll be your pint stoup,
As surely I 'll be mine,
And we 'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, etc.

Auld Robin Gray

In a letter to Sir Walter Scott, Lady Anne Lindsay tells how she wrote these words to fit an air that was a favorite of her sister's. After Lady Anne had written several stanzas she said to a younger sister who was present, "I have been writing a ballad, my dear. I have been oppressing my heroine with many misfortunes. I have already sent her Jamie to sea, and broken her father's arm, and made her mother fall sick, and given her Auld Robin Gray for her lover, but I wish to load her with a fifth sorrow within the four lines — poor thing! Help me to one." "Steal the cow, sister Anne," said the little Elizabeth. "The cow was immediately lifted by me," Lady Anne adds, "and the song completed." The air to which the words were originally written is the air used here. An air that is more familiar was composed by the Rev. William Leeves.

Words by LADY ANNE LINDSAY. Tune, *The Bridegroom Grae*.

Andante.

When the sheep are in the fauld, and the
kye at hame, And a' the wea-ry warld to
rest are gane, The waes of my heart fa' in
show-ers frae my e'e, When my gude-man lies
sound by me.

Young Jamie lo'ed me weel, and socht me for his
bride,

But, saving a crown, he had naething else beside;
To make that crown a pound, my Jamie gaed to sea,
And the crown and the pound were baith for me.

He had nae been awa a week but only twa,
When my mother she fell sick, and the cow was
stown awa;

My father brak his arm, and young Jamie at the sea,
And auld Robin Gray came a-courtin' me.

My father cou'd na work, and my mother cou'd na
spin,

I toil'd day and night, but their bread I cou'd na
win,

And Bob maintain'd them baith, and wi' tears in his
ee,

Said Jenny, for their sakes, O marry me!

My heart it said Na; for I look'd for Jamie back:
But the wind it blew high, and the ship it was a
wrack:

The ship it was a wrack, — why did na Jamie dee,
Or why do I live to say, Wae's me?

My father argu'd sair; my mother did na speak,
But she look'd in my face till my heart was like to
break,

Sae I gae him my hand, though my heart was i' the
sea;

And auld Robin Gray was gudeman* to me.

* Husband.

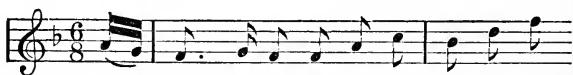
12 *Songs That Every Child Should Know*

I had na been a wife a week but only four,
When sitting sae mournfully at the door,
I saw my Jamie's wraith, for I cou'd na think it he,
Till he said I'm come hame for to marry thee.

O sair did we greet, and muckle did we say,
We took but ae kiss, and we tore ourselves away.
I wish that I were dead, but I'm no like to dee,
And why do I live to say, Wae's me?

I gang like a gaist, and I care na to spin,
I dare na think on Jamie, for that would be a sin;
But I'll e'en do my best a gude wife to be,
For auld Robin Gray is kind unto me.

Believe Me, if all Those Endearing Young Charms



Be - lieve me if all those en - dear - ing young



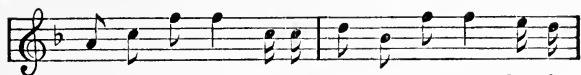
charms Which I gaze on so fond - ly to - day, Were to



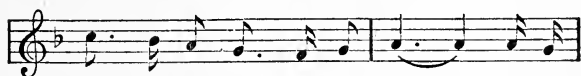
change by to - mor - row and fleet in my arms, Like



fai - ry gifts fad - ing a - way, Thou wouldst



still be a - dor'd, as this mo-ment thou art, Let thy



love - li-ness fade as it will, And a -



round the dear ru - in each wish of my heart, Would en-



twine it - self ver - dant - ly still.

It is not while beauty and youth are thy own,
And thy cheeks unprofaned by a tear,
That the fervor and faith of a soul can be known,
To which time will but make thee more dear.
No, the heart that has truly loved never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close;
As the sunflower turns on her god when he sets *
The same look which she turned when he rose.

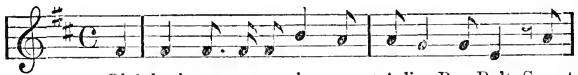
TOM MOORE.

* It is Neltje Blanchan who botanically reminds us, in "Wild Flowers," of the Nature Library, that Moore is only poetically, not scientifically, correct in the last two verses of the last stanza of this song.

14 Songs That Every Child Should Know

Ben Bolt

Melody is German. Words were written in 1842. Music was adapted to the words by Nelson Kneass. Music was written to the words by Dr. English, but was written entirely for the black keys, and was unsuccessful. Dr. English's original intention was to write a sea song, but his purpose took flight and his original intention is betrayed only in the last line. A ship was named Ben Bolt, also a steamboat was thus named;— both were wrecked. A play was written upon the idea, and this song alone made its publisher rich. By reason of its popularity, it is the most marvellous of songs ever written.



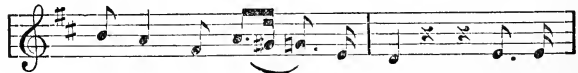
Oh! don't you re-mem-ber sweet A-lice, Ben Bolt, Sweet



A - lice, with hair so brown, She



wept with de-light when you gave her a smile, And



trem-bled with fear at your frown. In the



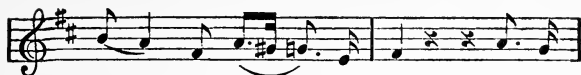
old church-yard in the val-ley, Ben Bolt, In a



cor - ner ob - scure and a - lone They have



fit - ted a slab of gran - ite so grey, And sweet



A - lice lies un - der the stone. They have



fit - ted a slab of gran - ite so grey, And sweet



A - lice lies un - der the stone.

Under the hickory tree, Ben Bolt,
Which stood at the foot of the hill,
Together we've lain in the noonday shade,
And listened to Appleton's mill.
The mill-wheel has fallen to pieces, Ben Bolt,
The rafters have tumbled in,
And a quiet that crawls round the walls as you gaze
Has followed the olden din.

Do you mind the cabin of logs, Ben Bolt,
At the edge of the pathless wood,
And the button-ball tree with its motley limbs,
Which nigh by the doorstep stood?
The cabin to ruin has gone, Ben Bolt,
The tree you would seek in vain;
And where once the lords of the forest waved,
Grows grass and the golden grain.

And don't you remember the school, Ben Bolt,
With the master so cruel and grim,
And the shaded nook by the running brook,
Where the children went to swim?

16 Songs That Every Child Should Know

Grass grows on the master's grave, Ben Bolt,
The spring of the brook is dry,
And of all the boys who were schoolmates then,
There are only you and I.

There is change in the things I loved, Ben Bolt,
They have changed from the old to the new;
But I feel in the depths of my spirit the truth,
There never was change in you.

Twelve months twenty have past, Ben Bolt,
Since first we were friends, — yet I hail
Thy presence a blessing, thy friendship a truth,
Ben Bolt of the salt-sea gale!

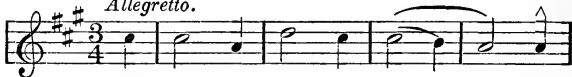
Blondel's Song

Blondel was the favorite minstrel of Richard the Lion-hearted. Together, the King and Blondel composed a song, which later was to be the means of discovering the prison of Richard, when in war his enemies had taken him prisoner. The minstrel devotedly wandered about always playing the song, and one day Richard responded from his prison tower with a part of the song. The simply antiphonal song is appended, and is one of the earliest to which there is any history attached.

BLONDEL

Allegretto.

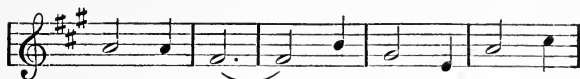
(1190)



1. One day a burn - ing fe - - ver, Made
2. Oft in a dis - tant tow - - er, There



me a thrall of grief, . . . My term of
pined a might - y king, . . . His true knight



life seemed brief, The world a dark de-
mourn'd this thing, Sad hour by wea - ry

RICHARD



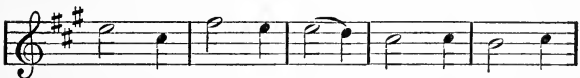
ceiv - er; My . . . sweet - heart bent o'er
hour . . . A . . . ray from Mar-ga-ret's

Finale.

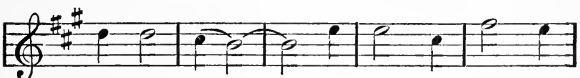
BOTH



me, And . . . I saw death's shad-ows flee. } Her
eyes, And this tower were Par - a - dise! }



glance makes all pain van - ish, While ra - diant



joy be - gins . . . Her eyes are strong to



ban - ish All trou-blous tho'ts and sins.

BLONDEL

“Your beauty, lady fair,
None view without delight,
But still so cold an air
No passion can excite;”

RICHARD

“ Yet this I patient see
While all are shunned like me.”

BLONDEL

“ No nymph my heart can wound
If favor she divide,
And smiles on all around,
Unwilling to decide;”

RICHARD

“ I'd rather hatred bear
Than love with others share.”

Bonnie Doon

Burns told a story of the origin of the air, which may or may not have been true, but certainly it was picturesque. He related how the composer who is accredited with the air expressed a desire to be the author of a Scot's tune. The composer was speaking with Clarke, who was a friend of Burns. Clarke facetiously told the composer to keep to the black keys and to preserve some kind of rhythm, and the result would necessarily be a Scot's air. Presumably, the composer followed instructions, since a few days later he turned out *The Caledonian Hunt's Delight*, — the melody to which Burns wrote these words.

Words by ROBERT BURNS.

Tune, JAMES MILLAR.



Ye banks and braes of bon - nie Doon, How



can ye bloom sae fresh and fair? How



can ye chant, ye lit - tle birds, While
I'm so wae, and full of care? Ye'll
break my heart, ye lit - tle birds, That
wan - der thro' that flow'r - ing thorn; Ye
mind me of de - part - ed joys, De -
part - ed nev - er to re - turn.

Oft have I roamed by bonnie Doon
To see the rose and woodbine twine;
Where ilka bird sung o'er its note,
And cheerfully I join'd with mine:
Wi' heartsome glee i' pu'd a rose,
A rose out of yon thorny tree;
But my false love has flown the rose,
And left the thorn behind wi' me.

Ye roses blaw your bonnie blooms,
And draw the wild-birds by the burn,
For Luman promised me a ring,
And ye maun aid me should I mourn.

Ah, na, na, na, ye need na mourn,
 My een are dim and drowsy worn;
 Ye bonnie birds, ye need na sing,
 For Luman never can return.

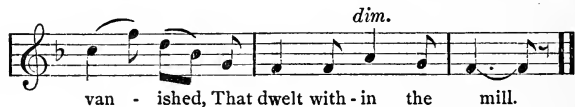
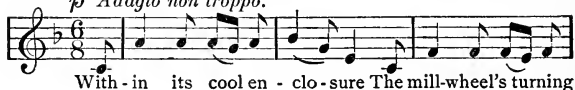
My Luman's love, in broken sighs,
 At dawn of day by Doon ye'se hear;
 And midday, by the willow green,
 For him I'd shed a silent tear.
 Sweet birds, I ken ye'll pity me,
 And join me wi' a plaintive sang,
 While echo wakes and joins the mane
 I make for him, I lo'ed sae lang.

The Broken Ring

Words by J. v. EICHENDORFF.

Music by GLÜCK (1814).

p Adagio non troppo.



Her troth in words was spoken,
A ring she gave me, too ;
But now her troth is broken,
The ring has sprung in two.

Now would I be a stroller
And wander evermore,
And tell the world my sorrow,
And sing from door to door.

Or would I be a horseman,
And plunge into the fight,
And lie beside the camp-fires
On battlefields at night.

For while I hear the mill-wheel,
I know not what I would ;
If death would only take me,
Its sound were stilled for good.

By Moonlight

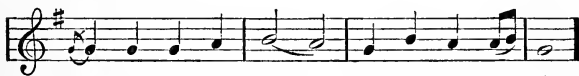
(*Au clair de la lune*)

Words by LULLY (1632-1687).

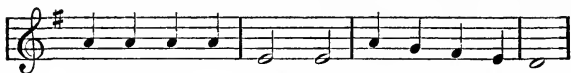
Andante con moto.



When the moon shone bright I knocked on Pier-rot's sill ;



"A word I fain would write, Lend to me thy quill ;



My light is no more, My fire is dull as sod,



O - pen then thy door, For the love of God!"

When the moon shone bright

To me Pierrot said :

“ I could never write,

And I am now in bed ;

Go thou to our neighbor,

She is there, poor soul,

I can hear her labor

Shovelling her coal.”

When the moon shone bright

The Rake raised the latch,

Then cried out the wight :

“ Help! where is a match? ”

“ Fear,” said he, “ no danger,

O sweet girl above,

Open to this stranger

For the God of Love! ”

When the moon shines bright

There 's much left unseen,

They searched for a light,

And where pens had been,

But just what they found —

That I cannot say,

But I heard the sound

Of bolts drawn away!

Charming Gabrielle

(Charmente Gabrielle)

The composition and authorship of this song is attributed to Henri IV., and written in 1600. The heroine of the romance was Gabrielle d'Estries, Duchess of Beaufort.

Andante amoroso.



O Ga - bri - elle, my charm-er, With Ar - row-
I buck - le on my ar-mour When glo - ry



smit - - ten heart } A - dieu to thee . . I
bids . . . me start }



cher - ish, O cru - el day . . . I would my



love would per - ish, Life ebb a - - way!

But I, dear love, shall crown thee,
For I a crown have won,
You win it from the heart of me,
I won it from Ballone;
Adieu to thee I cherish!
O cruel day;
That life should ever perish,
Love lasts for aye!

Comin' Thro' The Rye

It is by no means an established fact that Burns wrote the words of this song, although he did scratch a stanza of it upon a pane of glass at Mauchline.


“Gin a body kiss a body
Comin' thro' the grain;
Need a body grudge a body
What's a body's ain?”

If Burns wrote the words of the entire song, then the stanza on the pane seems differently to interpret the word “Rye” — which has been interpreted in another place as a reference to the river Rye. There is a fugitive stanza that seems to argue in favor of the river, quite as much as the Mauchline stanza seems to stand for the other explanation. These verses run thus:


“O Jennie's a weat, poor body,
Jennie's seldom dry;
She's draig!t a' her petticoatie,
Comin' thro' the RYE.”

If we are to accept that word as other than a reference to grain, it means that Jennie forded the river at Dalry, in Ayrshire. The song was probably first sung at a Christmas pantomime in London, in 1795.

mf




If a bod-y meet a bod-y Com-in' thro' the rye,




If a bod-y kiss a bod-y, Need a bod-y cry?

Refrain.



Ev' - ry las-sie has her lad-die; nane, they say, ha'e I; Yet



a' the lads they smile on me, When com-in' thro' the rye.

If a body meet a body
Comin' frae the town,
If a body greet a body,
Need a body frown?

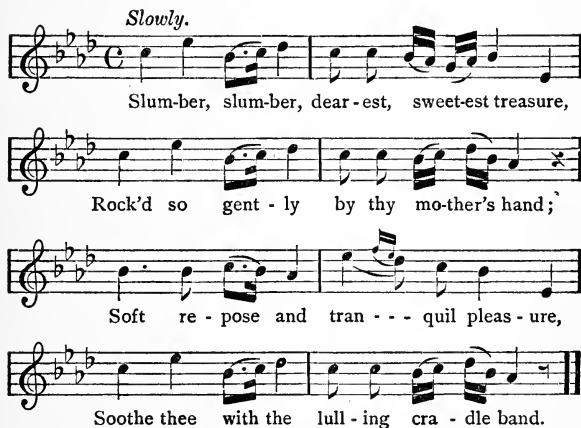
Ev'ry lassie has her laddie, *etc.*

Amang the train there is a swain
I dearly love mysel',
But what's his name, or where's his hame,
I dinna choose to tell.
Ev'ry lassie has her laddie, *etc.*

Cradle Song

FR. SCHUBERT.

Slowly.



Slum-ber, slum-ber, dear-est, sweet-est treasure,
Rock'd so gent - ly by thy mo-ther's hand ;
Soft re - pose and tran - - - quil pleas - ure,
Soothe thee with the lull - ing cra - dle band.

Slumber, slumber, in sweet dreams reposing,
While protects thee the fond mother's arm,
All her riches here enclosing,
Holds she in her clasp so true and warm.


Slumber, slumber, on thy downy pillow,
Love's hymn round thee music sweet shall make ;
And a lily and a rosebud
Shall reward thee when thou dost awake.

Cradle Song

Words by FRANZ CARL HIEMER (1810).

Music by CARL MARIE VON WEBER (1810).

p Andante con moto.



Sleep, my own ba - by, my dar - ling thou art,
 Close thy blue eyes now, thou joy of my heart!
 All is as qui - et as qui - et can be,
 Nev - er a fly shall a - - light up - - on thee.

Angels from Heaven as lovely as thou,
 Hover around thee, and smile on thee now.
 What if the angels must go by and by?
 Yet when thou weapest, thy tears they will dry.

Gold are the hours that are gliding away,
 Dear one, to-morrow is never to-day;
 Come to thy bedside will sorrow and pain,
 Ne'er wilt thou slumber so sweetly again.

Sleep then, my baby, the dark do not fear,
 Mother is sitting, and guarding thee here;
 Darling, though late or though early it be,
 Mother will never grow weary for thee.

The Crystal Maiden

("Kristalle, die reinen")

Translator, VELMA SWANSTON.

Folk Song (Swedish).

p Allegretto.



The crys - tal so fine like the bright sun may



shine, And glis - ten and blink like the stars; Yet



I know a maid - en, with vir - tues as rare, In the



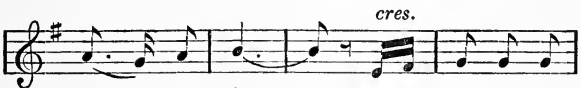
town, and my true love is hers! . . . My



dar - ling, ah! my sweet lone flow'r, If we could



join in love's sweet hour, And I could thy



good - man be; . . . And thou be heart's

f dear - est to me! . . . Thou glo - ri - ous
mf a tempo.
p poco rit.
 rose, in cas - ket of gold!

And wide though I wend to the world's farthest end,
 My heart would be yearning for thee;
 Yea, wide though I wend to the world's farthest end,
 My heart would be yearning for thee!
 With thee, my friend, my rose of love! —
 If I could be made one, my dove! —
 And I should thy goodman be,
 And thou be heart's dearest to me!
 Thou glorious rose, in casket of gold!

Departure

Translator, CHAPMAN.

German Folk Tune.

Moderato.
 Have I then, have I then, to be off from the town,
 Off from the town, While you, my love, stay here? I'll be
 back, I'll be back, and when I come back,



When I come back, I shall come to you, my dear.



Tho' I can - not al - ways with you be, Yet you're



all the world to me; I'll be



back, I'll be back, and when I come back,



When I come back, I shall come to you, my dear!

Copyright, G. Schirmer.

How you weep, how you weep, now that I must
be gone,

I must be gone,

As tho' our love were through.

Everywhere, everywhere are plenty of girls,

Plenty of girls,

But to you I'll still be true.

||: Never fear if I another see

'T will change my love for you,

Everywhere, everywhere are plenty of girls,

Plenty of girls,

But to you I'll still be true! :||

30 *Songs That Every Child Should Know*

In a year, in a year, when they 're gathering the
grapes,

Gathering the grapes,
I 'll be back again, you 'll see.

And if then, and if then, I 'm your heart's dearest
still,

Heart's dearest still,
Then we can married be.

|| : In a year I shall have done my time,*

In a year I shall be free,

And if then, and if then, I 'm your heart's dearest
still,

Heart's dearest still,
Then we can married be. : ||

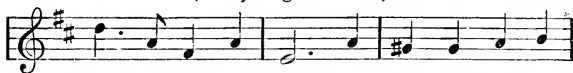
Departure For Syria

(Partant pour la Syrie)

QUEEN HORTENSE (*Eugénie de Beauharnais*) 1783.



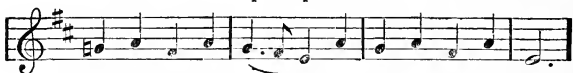
Du - nois, so young and fair, Called



forth to Syr - ian wars, Be-sought kind Heav'n to



save . . And pros - per well his cause: "O



Vir-gin Queen," he prayed, When he went forth to fight,

* This is not a reference to serving a prison term, but to *army* service.



Then traced he with his sword
The oath of knighthood brave,
And followèd his Lord
To triumph or the grave;
And faithful to his prayer
He cried with death in sight:
||: “Love, love, for the most fair,
And I the bravest knight!” :||

Great victory he won,
“Now, truly,” said his lord,
“I’ll make thee my own son,
And give thee great reward;
To Isabelle to-night
Thou sure shalt wedded be,
||: Thou art my bravest knight,
The fairest maiden she.” :||

The Despised Lover

Translator, CHAPMAN.

German Folk-song.

Moderato

My maid's thrown me o-ver, and why, I don't know, But
if she won't have me, I'll die, I will so! She

mf

32 *Songs That Every Child Should Know*



goes with an - oth - er to dance and to sup, My



heart it is bro-ken past all heal-ing up, My



heart it is bro-ken, past all heal-ing up!

Copyright, G. Schirmer.

To marry her honest,
 I promised and swore,
 Yet now will I stand at
 Her window no more;
 Once more will I try her,
 Once more will I ask,
 ||: My heart to her window
 I'll drag to its task. :||

I wanted to rap, but
 I did n't just dare,
 And in at the window
 I only could stare.
 For when with your mistress
 You see there's a lad,
 ||: You'd better believe me,
 It hurts pretty bad. :||

To-night I shall lie by
Her window, I will,
Till somebody comes to
Climb over the sill;
Then Heaven forgive her,
But I'll undertake
||: To help him climb in at
Her window, the snake! :||

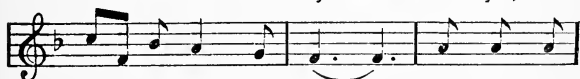
Drink To Me Only With Thine Eyes

Words by BEN JONSON.

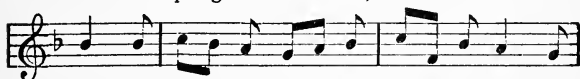
Andantino.



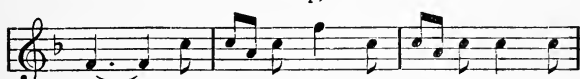
Drink to me on - - ly with thine eyes, And



I will pledge with mine; Or leave a



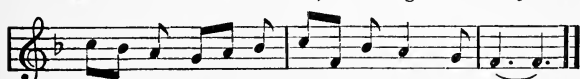
kiss with - in the cup, And I'll not ask for



wine. The thirst that from the soul doth rise Doth



ask a drink di - - vine; But might I of Jove's



nec - tar sup, I would not change for thine.

34 *Songs That Every Child Should Know*

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
Not so much honouring thee,
As giving it a hope that there
It could not withered be ;

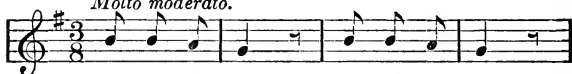
But thou thereon didst only breathe,
And sent'st it back to me ;
Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,
Not of itself, but thee.

Farewell

Translator, CHAPMAN.

German Folk-song (before 1816).

Molto moderato.



Dear - est, fare - well ! Dear - est, fare - well !



Since it has come to this, Give me a sin - gle kiss.



Dear - est, fare - well ! Dear - est fare - well !

Copyright, G. Schirmer.

Farewell again !
Farewell again !
Long as thou lovest me
I will be true to thee
Farewell again !
Parting is pain !

Dearest, farewell!
Dearest, farewell!
Dry thy dear eyes again,
Death cannot part us twain:
Farewell again!
Parting is pain!

The Girl I Left Behind Me

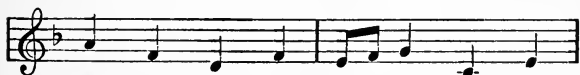
This air is of Irish origin, and probably as early as the seventeenth century. It became popularized by an Irish bandmaster of the English army. The bandmaster was notoriously fickle, and at each post he left behind him a new sweetheart. In an effort to pay impartial and musical tribute to them all he found it convenient to have this piece played whenever the regiment broke camp. As the sentiment seemed one eminently suited to the affectional conditions of most of the army, The Girl I Left Behind Me became the musical militant fashion. This song was ordered to be played by our own Custer whenever the Seventh U. S. Cavalry went out. This was played, according to custom, on the morning when Custer went to his death.



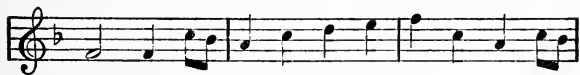
I'm lone-some since I cross'd the hill, And



o'er the moor and val - ley; Such heav - y thoughts my



heart do fill, Since part - ing with my



Sal - ly. I seek no more the fine and gay, For

36 *Songs That Every Child Should Know*



each does but re - mind me How swift the hours did



pass a - way, With the girl I've left be - hind me.

Oh! ne'er shall I forget the night,
 The stars were bright above me,
 And gently lent their silv'ry light,
 When first she vow'd to love me.
 But now I'm bound to Brighton camp,
 Kind Heaven, then pray guide me,
 And send me safely back again
 To the girl I've left behind me.

Had I the art to sing her praise
 With all the skill of Homer,
 One only strain should fill my lays, —
 The charms of my true lover.
 So, let the night be e'er so dark,
 Or e'er so wet and windy,
 Kind Heaven send me back again
 To the girl I've left behind me.

Her golden hair in ringlets fair,
 Her eyes like diamonds shining,
 Her slender waist with carriage chaste,
 May leave the swain repining.
 Ye Gods above! Oh hear my prayer,
 To my beauteous fair to bind me,
 And send me safely back again
 To the girl I've left behind me.

The bee shall honey taste no more,
The dove become a ranger,
The falling waves shall cease to roar,
Ere I shall seek to change her.
The vows we register'd above
Shall ever cheer and bind me
In constancy to her I love,
The girl I've left behind me.

My mind her form shall still retain,
In sleeping or in waking,
Until I see my love again,
For whom my heart is breaking.
If ever I return that way,
And she should not decline me,
I evermore shall live and stay
With the girl I've left behind me.

Gone From Me Evermore

(J'ai perdu celle)

Words by JACQUES AHREM.

AIR, *Henri III* (1574).



Gone from me ev - er-more, My heart's sole i - dol she ;

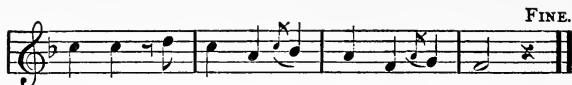


Ev - er, from day to day, Wor-shipp'd I lov - ing-ly,

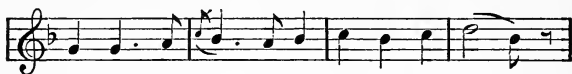


New grac - es ev - 'ry hour, Fill'd me with joy ;

38 *Songs That Every Child Should Know*



Oh! my be - lov - ed, with - out thee I die!



Once, in the for - est, while hunt-ing the deer,



Came this sweet vi - sion of love - li - ness near;



Shin - ing up - on me like an - gel from heav'n,



Ah! nev-er King had such bless - ed - ness given! Ah!

Copyright, 1902, by The John Church Company. Used by permission.

Oh, could I sit by her side at this hour,
Gladly I 'd give all my splendour and pow'r,
No place so humble and no place so dear,
But I would share it if she were but here. Ah!

Ref. Gone from me evermore, *etc.*

Hid in a cloister, my poor darling one,
Faded away like a flower and was gone;
Gone from earth's sorrows, its tears and its love,
Up to the brightness of heav'n above. Ah!

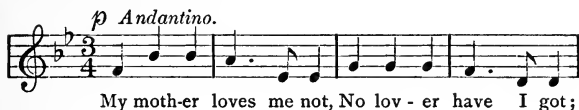
Ref. Gone from me evermore, *etc.*

Heartache

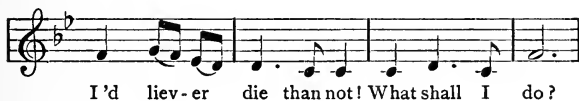
Translator, CHAPMAN.

Suabian Folk-Song.

p Andantino.

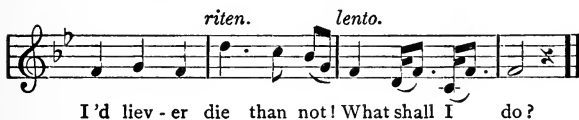


My moth-er loves me not, No lov - er have I got;



I'd liev-er die than not! What shall I do?

riten. lento.



I'd liev-er die than not! What shall I do?

Copyright, G. Schirmer.

On Confirmation Day
None ever looked my way;
||: How can I, then, be gay?
I'll dance no more! :||

Let the three roses blow
That by the gravestone grow.
||: Did ye the maiden know
That lies beneath? :||

Home, Sweet Home

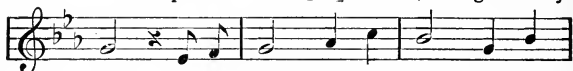
The music was originally foisted upon the public as a Sicilian air. Bishop had been commissioned to include a Sicilian air in a collection of songs, and not having one he undertook to make one. Payne, the writer of the verses, said of himself: "How often have I been in the heart of Paris, Berlin, London, or some other city, and have heard persons singing, or hand-organs playing 'Sweet Home' without having a shilling to buy myself the next meal or a place to lay my head!" Three hundred thousand copies of the song are said to have been sold; but the author got nothing above the £250 received for it as originally written for the musical play of "Clari, the Maid of Milan." This was in 1823.

Words by JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

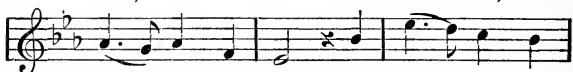
Music by BISHOP.



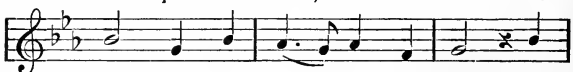
'Mid pleas - ures and pal - a - ces, though we may



roam, Be it ev - - - er so hum - ble, there's



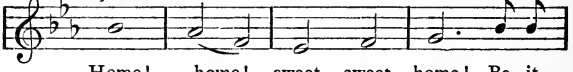
no . . place like home; A charm from the



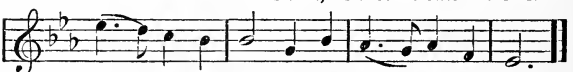
skies seems to hal - low us there, Which,



seek thro' the world, is ne'er met with else-where.

Refrain

Home! home! sweet, sweet home! Be it



ev - - er so hum-ble, there's no place like home.

An exile from home, splendour dazzles in vain;
Oh, give me my lowly thatched cottage again;
The birds singing gaily that came at my call, —
Give me them with the peace of mind dearer than all.

Home! home! *etc.*

How sweet, too, to sit 'neath a fond father's smile,
And the cares of a mother to soothe and beguile;
Let others delight 'mid new pleasures to roam,
But give me, oh, give me! the pleasures of home!

Home! home! *etc.*

To thee I'll return, overburdened with care;
The heart's dearest face will smile on me there;
No more from that cottage again will I roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.

Home! home! *etc.*

Italian Air

The Rev. Hobart B. Whitney has preserved this air as he heard it forty years ago, outside the window of his hotel. It was sung in a clear, ringing voice by an Italian boy (street musician), and Dr. Whitney immediately recorded it in MS. It is Santa Lucia, and is included in this collection as being beyond doubt the popular corruption of the original song. The street-singer's version is eminently the more singable and vital and fascinating.

Con spirito.

O charm - ing Na-po - li! O hap - py na-tion,
Smil - ing fair wel - come From thy cre - a - tion!

42 *Songs That Every Child Should Know*

Thou realm of har-mo-ny, All hail to thee, ah!
cres.
 San-ta Lu-ci-a! . . San-ta Lu-ci-a!

Translation copyright, G. Schirmer.

Why are ye waiting now?
 Eve glows in splendor,
 Light airs invite ye,
 Cooling and tender.
 Here in my bonny bark
 Come all with me, ah!
 Santa Lucia!
 Santa Lucia!

“It Is Ordained By God’s Decree”

Words by ERNST VON FEUCHTERSLEBEN (before 1826).

Music by MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY (1839).

Poco sostenuto.

It is or-dained by God's de-cree, What
p
 best we love re-signed must be In part-ing,
mf
 Tho' noth-ing that this world doth bring So

sf

bit - ter - ly the heart can wring As part - ing,

1 & 3 stanzas. *f*

Yes, part - - - - ing! Now

p

un - der-stand me well, I pray! right

mf *cres.* *f*

well, I pray! When folk must part, they ev - er say: Good-

p

bye un - til an - oth - er day! an - oth - er day,

an - - oth - - er day!

Copyright, G. Schirmer.

A rosebud has been sent to thee,
 In water place it carefully;
 Yet surely,
 If blows the rose by morning light,
 'T will surely wither ere the night.
 Ay, surely — yes, surely.

44 *Songs That Every Child Should Know*

And if from God thou dost receive
 A sweetheart, whom thou wouldst believe
 Thine only,
 There shall not many days be gone,
 Ere she shall leave thee all alone,
 And lonely — ay, lonely.

Kathleen Mavourneen

The music of this song brought its composer ten pounds. A tender, sentimental incident attaches to the composition, which is as follows. This song was so beloved of an Irish lad named James Marion Roche, from his childhood to manhood, that the composer became in time a sort of dream-creature to Roche, and as beloved as unknown. Years after the song was written, Roche learned that the composer was living in poverty. Roche went to him, gained Crouch's good graces, and finally induced the composer to adopt him. By this tactful means he put himself into the way of taking care of Crouch without the man he so admired feeling under extraordinary obligation.

Words by Mrs. CRAWFORD. Music by F. NICHOLAS CROUCH.

mf

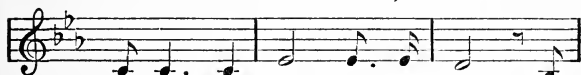
Kath - leen Ma - vour - neen, a - wake from thy
 slum - bers; The horn of the hun - ter is
 heard on the hill; The lark from her
 light wing the bright dew is shak - ing,
 Kath - leen Ma - vour - neen! what, slum - b'ring still!



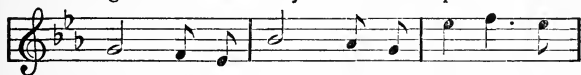
Oh, hast thou for - got - ten how



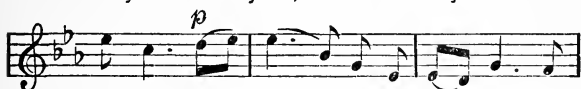
soon we must sev - er? Oh, hast thou for -



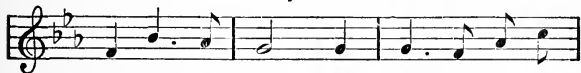
got - ten this day we must part? It



may be for years, and it may be for -



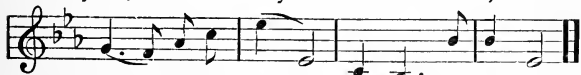
ev - er; Then why art thou si - lent, thou



voice of my heart? It may be for



years, and it may be for - ev - er; Then



why art thou si - lent, Kath - leen Ma - vour - neen?

Kathleen Mavourneen, awake from thy slumbers;
The blue mountains glow in the sun's golden
light;

Ah! where is the spell that once hung on my
numbers?

Arise in thy beauty, thou star of my night.

Mavourneen, Mavourneen, my sad tears are falling,
 To think that from Erin and thee I must part ;
 It may be for years, and it may be forever ;
 Then why art thou silent, thou voice of my heart ?
 It may be for years, and it may be forever ;
 Then why art thou silent, Kathleen Mavourneen ?

King Of Thule

Music by GOUNOD.

Un poco ritenuto.

O'er the sea, in Thu - le of old,
 Reign'd a King who was true - heart - ed,
 Who, in re - mem - brance of one de - part - ed,
 Treas - ured up a gob - let of gold.
 This rare cup so ten - der - ly cher - ish'd, This rare
 cup so ten - der - ly cher - ish'd, Aye at his
 side the King did keep,



And ev - 'ry time it touch'd his lip,



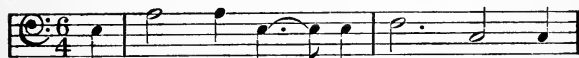
He wept, and thought of her long per - ish'd.

Over the sea at last came Death!
On his couch, the old King lying,
Call'd for a cup when he was dying,
Almost with his latest breath.

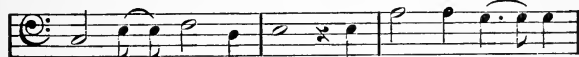
||: Once more with the old true devotion, :||
The King would have his cup of gold.
Then with hand already cold
He flung the goblet in the ocean.

King Of Thule

Music by ZELTER (*original key*).



There was a King of Thu - lé, His



troth kept to the grave, To whom his dy - ing



lov - er, A gold - en gob - let gave.

Was naught he priz'd so dearly,
At each high feast 't was used;
When to his lips he raised it
His eyes with tears suffused.

When he at last was dying,
 He gave his realm away,
 Gave all to his successor,
 But the cup with him did stay.

He sat at his stately banquet,
 Amid his knightly train,
 In his forefathers' castle,
 That beetled o'er the main.

There stood the aged drinker,
 His life's last draught quaffed he,
 Then hurled the sacred goblet,
 Down, down within the sea.

He saw it whirling, falling,
 In ocean sinking fast,
 His eyes closed as 't was sinking,
 That draught, it was his last.

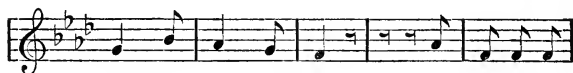
Last Night

Words by CHRISTIAN WINTHER. Music by HALFDAN KJERULF.

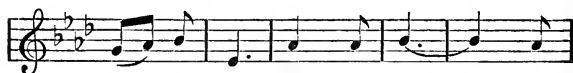
p Andante.



Last night the night-in - gale woke me, Last



night when all was still. It sang in the



gold - en moon - light, From out the



dolce

wood-land hill. I o-pen'd my win-dow so
gen-tly, I look'd on the dream-ing dew,
And oh! the bird, my dar-ling, Was
p
sing-ing, sing-ing of you, of you.

I think of you in the daytime,
I dream of you by night,
I wake, and would you were here, love,
And tears are blinding my sight.
I hear a low breath in the lime tree,
The wind is floating thro',
And, oh! the night, my darling,
Is sighing, sighing for you.

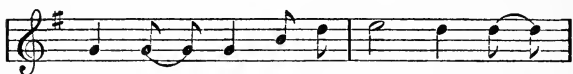
Oh, think not I can forget you;
I could not if I would,
I see you in all around me,
The stream, the night, the wood.
The flowers that slumber so gently,
The stars above the blue,
Oh! heav'n itself, my darling,
Is praying, praying for you.

Loch Lomond

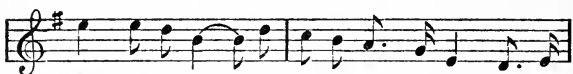
(This was a Jacobite Air)



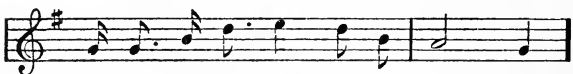
By yon bon-nie banks and yon bon-nie braes, Where the



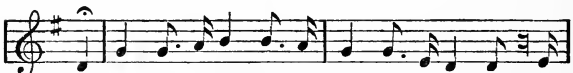
sun shines bright on Loch Lo - mon'; Oh



we twa hae pass'd sac mo-ny blithe-some days, on the



bon-nie, bon-nie banks o' Loch Lo - mon'.



Oh! ye'll tak' the high road, and I'll tak' the low road, An'



I'll be in Scot - land be - fore ye; But



oh, my true love, I'll nev-er meet a-gain, On the



bon-nie, bon-nie banks o' Loch Lo - mon'.

I mind where we partied, in yon shady glen,
 On the steep, steep side o' Ben Lomon',
 Where in purple hue the highland hills we view,
 An' the morn shines out frae the gloamin'. Oh!
 Ye'll tak' the highroad, *etc.*

The wee birdies sing an' the wild-flowers spring,
 An' in sunshine the waters are sleepin',
 But the broken heart it seeks nae second spring,
 An' the world does na ken how we're greetin'. Oh!
 Ye'll tak' the highroad, *etc.*

Love's Distress

Translator, CHAPMAN.

Suabian Folk-song.

p *Con moto.*



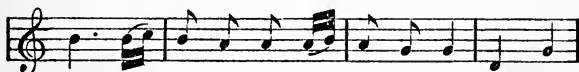
When I look this way, you look that, This



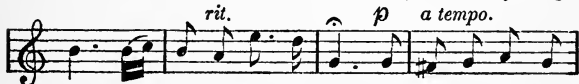
makes my heart go pit - a - pat! When I look that way,



you look this, That makes my brain go whiz! Oh, look



once, if on - ly once, if on - ly once, Pity - ing -



ly up - on my love's dis-tress! When I look this way,

52 *Songs That Every Child Should Know*



you look that, This makes my heart go pit - a - pat! When



I look that way, you look this, That makes my brain go whiz!

Copyright, G. Schirmer.

When I go here, then you go there,
That gives my heart a scare, a scare.
If I keep on you make a fuss,
And people stare at us.

Oh, stay once, if only once, if only once,
Trustingly with me in my distress.
When I go here, *etc.*

And if I talk, you will not speak,
That cuts me to the quick, the quick;
If I say "yes," then you say "no,"
Which causes me much woe.

Oh, speak once, if only once, if only once,
Tenderly to me in my distress.
And if I talk, *etc.*

And when I weep, you laugh for spite,
That ties my heart up tight, up tight.
And if I smile, then weep you do,
And that upsets me, too.

Oh, weep once, if only once, if only once,
Sweet and true for me in my distress.
And when I weep, *etc.*

And yet, you witch, this way with you
 Is just what all the others do;
 You treat me worse than all the rest, —
 I guess you love me best.

Oh, love once, if only once, if only once,
 Joyfully, love me in my distress.
 And yet, you witch, *etc.*

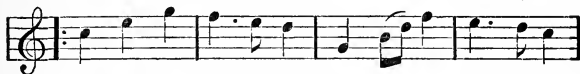
The Lowland Home

Suabian Air.

Moderato.



Down in the vale be-low How mild and fair ;



Here but the bit-ter sloe, There grapes and peach-es grow,



Fra-grant and soft the air, Would I were there !

|| : Down by the Neckar stream
 How fresh and gay ; : ||

|| : Here of joys not a gleam,
 Dull and sad all things seem,
 There day glides after day,
 Cheerful away. : ||

|| : Warmth in the plain we find,
 Here it is cold ; : ||

|| : Bleak blows the mountain wind,
 Like the folks' hearts unkind,
 All their desire is gold
 To have and hold. : ||

54 Songs That Every Child Should Know

||: No friendly glance for me,
 Not so with you ; :||
 ||: Dear friends, tho' poor ye be,
 Down there so blithe and free,
 Fain would I join you too,
 Warm hearts and true. :|||

Lullaby

These words were set to music by the composer for the infant son of a well-known, brilliant musician. The little child was familiarly, endearingly known as "Bubbins." He was the infant son of Carl E. Martin, and dying in infancy, the gentle air was kept sacred to baby memory till now. Mr. Whitney lends it to this collection at the request of the compiler, who recognizes it as one of the perfect things of slight musical composition. It used to be publicly sung by the gifted Mary Bingham, who was the mother of the composer.

Words from the GERMAN.

Music by Rev. HOBART B. WHITNEY.

mp Moderato.

Sleep, ba - by, sleep; Thy fa - ther is watching his
 sheep; Thy mo - ther is shaking the dreamland tree, And
 down falls a lit - tle dream on thee! Sleep, ba - by,
 sleep Sleep, ba - by, sleep.

Sleep, baby, sleep;
 The large stars are the sheep;
 The little stars are the lambs, I guess,
 And the pale moon is the shepherdess!
 Sleep, baby, sleep.

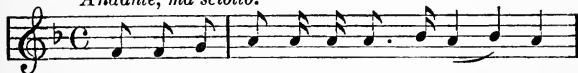
Sleep, baby, sleep;
 The Saviour loves His sheep;
 He is the Lamb of God on high,
 Who for our sakes came here to die!
 Sleep, baby, sleep.

Lullaby

Translator, Dr. THEO. BAKER.

Roman.

Andante, ma sciolto.



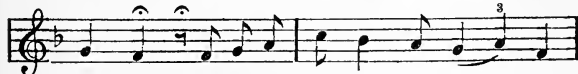
Now by - low, ba - by, and slum - ber sweet — and



sound - ly, Your ti - ny bed be of vio - lets soft and



ev - en, Your dow - ny pil - low of silk — smooth and



shin - y, And all the bed - clothes of gold - en



sun beams wo - ven!

56 *Songs That Every Child Should Know*

Now bylow, baby, and slumber soon will find you!
My darling daughter, now sleep and please your
mother,
For she is weary with long rocking your cradle
All night and day, and one hour like the other.

Now bylow, baby, my love, my darling Ninna,
And may the Father repose and comfort bring
you!

Now fall asleep, and a lullaby together
The Father, Son and Holy Ghost shall sing you.

O Holy Saviour, who art my consolation,
Thou who didst comfort two women sore afflicted.
Consoler Thou of Martha and Mary,
Be baby and mother by Thy love protected!

Thy consolation was giv'n to Mary and Martha,
In mercy daughter and mother Thou invitest!
Now bylow, baby, and over you a shower
Shall fall of golden rings and pearls the brightest.

The Maiden's Lament

Translator, CHAPMAN.

PHILIPP J. DÜRINGER.

p *Adagio*.

All, all the live-long day I hide my

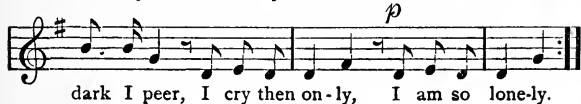
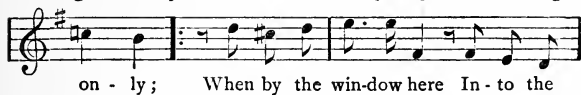
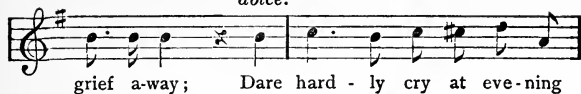
The first line of musical notation is in G major (one sharp) and common time (C). It begins with a treble clef and a dynamic marking of *p* (piano). The tempo is marked *Adagio*. The melody consists of two measures: the first measure contains a quarter note G, a quarter note A, and a quarter note B; the second measure contains a quarter note C, a quarter note B, a quarter note A, and a quarter note G.

p

grief a-way, All, all the live-long day I hide my

The second line of musical notation continues the melody from the first line. It begins with a treble clef and a dynamic marking of *p*. The melody consists of two measures: the first measure contains a quarter note G, a quarter note A, and a quarter note B; the second measure contains a quarter note C, a quarter note B, a quarter note A, and a quarter note G.

dolce.



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||: For oh, my love is dead,
 And gone to his death-bed, :||
 And mine he was, mine only,
 ||: And he will come no more,
 And oh! my heart is sore;
 I loved him only, and I am lonely. :||

||: Ah! when I teased him he
 Would often say to me: :||
 "The time will come when you'll be lonely.
 ||: You'll cry for me some day
 When I am far away,
 You'll cry, and only because you're lonely." :||

||: Ah, God! You hear me cry,
 Unless I'd better die, :||
 I cannot bear to be so lonely;
 ||: If he might come some day
 And hold me fast and say,
 "Mine art thou only, no longer lonely." :||

|| : He will not come again,
 My heart is dead with pain, : ||
 And I can cry at evening only;
 || : And when the stars arise,
 I seem to see his eyes
 That were mine only, I am so lonely. : ||

Marlbrouk

This song would doubtless have been forever lost, had not Marie Antoinette fancied it upon hearing it sung to her baby by its nurse. She, herself, adopted it, and it became famous, and was soon sung in every café and carrefour in Paris; presently, in all France. It was sung on the stage, it was introduced into the "Marriage of Figaro." Beethoven used the theme in 1813. We are familiar with this song as "We won't go Home till Morning," and "He's a Jolly Good Fellow," — remarkable transgressions from the original spirit. The original is not all given here. It is completed by a crude, soldier-sort of description of the funeral, and is a strange mixture of pathos and humor. The song was doubtless some hundreds of years old when Marie Antoinette's baby first fell asleep to its singing by Madame Poitrine, the child's nurse.

Napoleon hummed it when he started on his way to Russia on the frightful campaign of 1812. He sang it at St. Helena. An interesting English version is appended.

Repeat for Chorus.

Larghetto.

Marl - brouk goes forth to war, Mi-ron-

ton, Mi-ron-ton, Mi-ron - taine; Marl -

brouk goes forth to war, . . . Nor

knows he for how long, Nor

FINE.



knows he for how long, Nor



knows he for how long.

He's coming back at Easter,

|| : Or else at Trinity. : ||

Trinity is long since passed,

|| : But Marlbrook comes no more. : ||

Madame mounts her tower stairs

|| : As high as she can climb. : ||

Behold, his page approaches,

|| : And lo, he's clad in black. : ||

"Madame, Marlbrook is dead,

|| : Is dead and in the ground." : ||

ENGLISH VERSION

Marlbrook, the prince of commanders,

Has gone to the war in Flanders,

His fame is like Alexander's.

But when will he come home?

But when will he come home?

But when will he come home?

Cho. He won't come home till morning,
He won't come home till morning,
He won't come home till morning,
Till daylight doth appear.

My Old Kentucky Home

STEPHEN C. FOSTER.



The sun shines bright in the old Ken-tuc-ky



Home, 'T is sum-mer, the dark - ies are gay. The



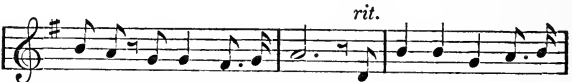
corn-top's ripe, and the mea-dow's in the bloom, While the



birds make mu - sic all the day. The



young folks roll on the lit - tle cab - in floor, All



mer - ry, all hap-py and bright, By'n-by Hard Times comes a-



knock-ing at the door, Then my old Kentucky Home, good-night!

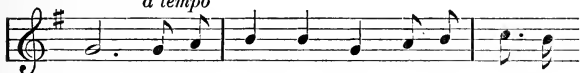
Chorus.

mf



Weep no more, my la - dy, O weep no more to -

a tempo



day! We will sing one song for the old Ken-



tuck - y Home, For the old Ken-tuck-y Home far a - way.

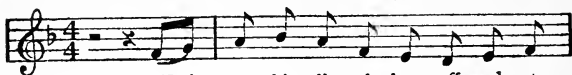
They hunt no more for the possum and the coon
 On the meadow, the hill, and the shore;
 They sing no more by the glimmer of the moon
 On the bench by the old cabin door.
 The days go by like a shadow o'er the heart,
 With sorrow where all was delight;
 The time has come when the darkies have to part,
 Then my old Kentucky Home, good night!
 Weep no more, *etc.*

The head must bow and the back will have to bend,
 Wherever the darky may go;
 A few more days, and the trouble all will end,
 In the field where the sugar canes grow;
 A few more days for to tote the weary load,
 No matter, 't will never be light;
 A few more days till we totter in the road,
 Then my old Kentucky Home, good night!
 Weep no more, *etc.*

The Nipper's Lullaby

Words by MEL. B. SPURR.

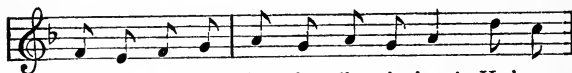
Music by BOND ANDREWS.

(for Chevalier)

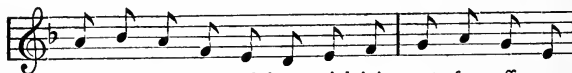
He's run his lit - tle legs off, and at



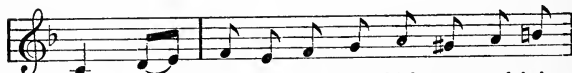
larst he's gone to sleep. Lor! wot a puf - fick



mint o' love lies in that lit - tle 'eap! He's a



ba - by to be prahd on, weigh-in' not far off a



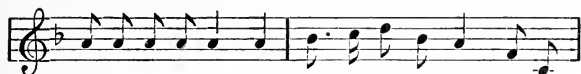
stone, He's worth 'is weight in thick uns, and 'e's

Refrain.

all our we - ry own. Sleep light - ly, dream bright - ly,



Rest un - til the day - light comes a - gen.



Wake up in the morn-in' When the day is dawn-in', But



sleep your lev-el best till then.

Jes see 'im of a mornin' as 'e sets up in 'is bed,
And sez such things, it's wonderful 'ow they all
come in 'is 'ead!

And he sucks his blessed bottle till it's drier than
a bone.

Like his dad, 'e likes 'is bottle, — and 'e 's all our
wery own.

Ref. Sleep lightly, dream brightly, *etc.*

And the things that nipper swallers — well, you
really would n't think.

If there is a thing he's nuttier on than anything,
it's ink!

Drinks a glass full at a settin', — sich a thing was
never known!

And he dines orff nails and matches, — and he 's all
our wery own.

Ref. Sleep lightly, dream brightly, *etc.*

He's got a narsty temper, — "Like 'is dad," 'is
mammy sez, —

And wotever he 's a likin' for, that little warmint 'es.

He 's the *ortiest* of *ortocrats* wot sits upon a throne,

For he does jest wot he bloomin' likes, — and he 's

all our wery own.

Ref. Sleep lightly, dream brightly, *etc.*

64 Songs That Every Child Should Know

He's got 'is little failin's, — which they 're spreadin'
every day, —

He's a terror, and no error, when he does n't 'ave
'is way.

But there ain't a nipper like 'im, — sich a kid was
never grown!

He's the champion of the light-weights, — and 'e's
all our wery own.

Ref. Sleep lightly, dream brightly, etc.

It's 'is birthday in the mornin', — 'e'll be just
twelvemonth old, —

So to-night I blewed some oofish, the old gal won't
dare to scold,

'Cos I spent it on a present for his artful little nibs.
True, it only cost a penny, but it MEANS more than
the dibs.

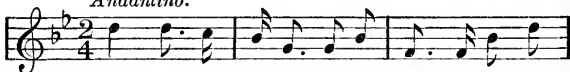
Ref. Sleep lightly, dream brightly, etc.

Oft In The Stilly Night

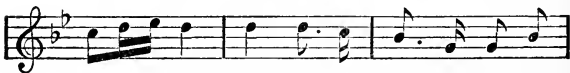
The devotion of Thomas Moore to his mother is one of the beautiful and well-known facts in Moore's delightful existence. Four thousand letters from him to his mother were found among his mother's effects upon her death.

Words by THOMAS MOORE.

Andantino.



Oft in the still-y night, Ere slum-ber's chain has



bound me, Fond mem-'ry brings the light Of

Songs That Every Child Should Know 65



oth-er days a-round me; The smiles, the tears, Of



boy-hood's years, The words of love then spo-ken, The



eyes that shone, now dim'd and gone, The cheer-ful hearts now



bro-ken! Thus, in the still-y night, Ere



slum-ber's chain has bound me; Sad mem-'ry



brings the light Of oth-er days a-round me.

When I remember all
The friends so linked together
I've seen around me fall,
Like leaves in wintry weather,
I feel like one who treads alone
Some banquet hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled, whose garlands dead,
And all but he departed!

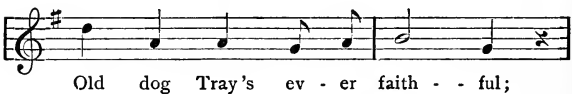
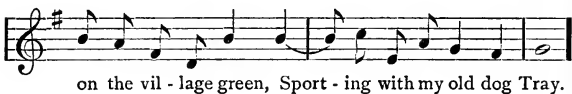
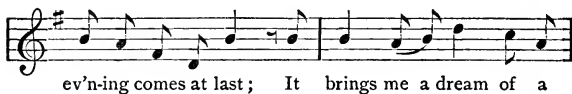
66 *Songs That Every Child Should Know*

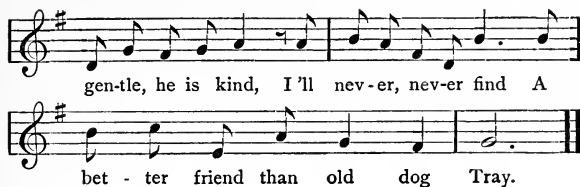
Thus in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

Old Dog Tray

Words by STEPHEN C. FOSTER.

Andantino.





gen-tle, he is kind, I'll nev-er, nev-er find A
bet - ter friend than old dog Tray.

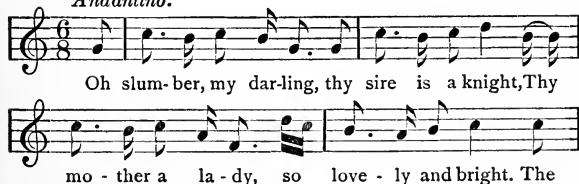
The forms I call'd my own
Have vanish'd one by one,
The lov'd ones, the dear ones, have all pass'd away ;
Their happy smiles have flown,
Their gentle voices gone,
I've nothing left but old dog Tray.
Old dog Tray, *etc.*

When thoughts recall the past,
His eyes are on me cast,
I know he feels what my aching heart would say ;
Although he cannot speak,
I'll vainly, vainly seek
A better friend than old dog Tray.
Old dog Tray, *etc.*

Oh Slumber, My Darling

Music by WHITTAKER.

Andantino.



Oh slum-ber, my dar-ling, thy sire is a knight, Thy
mo - ther a la - dy, so love - ly and bright. The

68 *Songs That Every Child Should Know*

hills and the dales from the towers which we see, They
all shall be-long, my sweet in-fant, to thee. Oh,
rest thee, Babe, rest thee, Babe, sleep on till day, Oh,
rest thee, Babe, rest thee, Babe, sleep while you may.

Oh, rest thee, my darling, the time it shall come,
When thy sleep shall be broken by trumpet and
drum;

Then rest thee, my darling, oh, sleep while ye may,
For war comes with manhood, as light comes with
day.

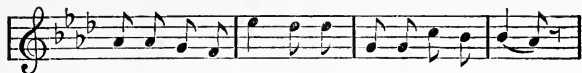
Oh, rest thee, Babe, *etc.*

The Red Sarafan

This is a national song of Russia. The red Sarafan is a headdress worn by Russian peasant-brides; and this song which celebrates it is one of the most famous of Central Russia.

Allegretto.

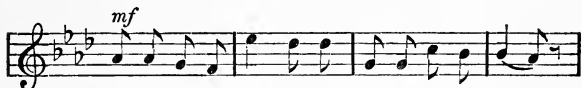
On the gay red Sa-ra-fan, Dear Mo-ther work no more,
Lay the fruit-less task a-side, That time long since was o'er.



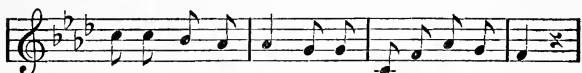
Daugh-ter, dear-est daugh-ter, Come sit thee down by me ;



Do not hope, my dar-ling, That youth will stay with thee.



Tho' like hap-py bird-ling, Now sing-ing gay and free,—



'Mid the flow-ers spring-ing It can-not al-ways be.



Daugh-ter, dear-est daugh-ter, Years are draw-ing nigh,



When joy's bloom-ing ro - ses From thy cheek will fly.



When joy's bloom-ing ro - ses From thy cheek will fly.



Once too I was sing - - ing Like thee, love, to-day ;



Soon my song was end-ed, Youth had fled a - way.

mf

Dar-ling! when I gaze on thee, I think that sweet song o'er,
In re-mem-brance, then, I saw The Sa - ra-fan once more.

Robin Adair

The music had its origin in the Irish song, Eileen Aroon,* which was written about 1450. The words were written to Robin Adair who was known to King George III. as "the Lucky Irishman." It was written in a fit of love-sickness, by Lady Keppel, and just before her marriage to Robin. Handel so loved the tune that he maintained he had rather have written it than to have written all his own compositions put together.

Words by LADY CAROLINE KEPPEL.

What's this dull town to me? Rob - in's not near.
What was't I wished to see, What wished to hear?
Where's all the joy and mirth, That made this town a
heaven on earth? Oh! they're all fled with thee,
Rob - - - in A - - - dair.

* Ellen, the treasure of my heart.

What made th' assembly shine?

Robin Adair!

What made the ball so fine?

Robin was there!

What, when the play was o'er,

What made my heart so sore?

Oh, it was parting with

Robin Adair.

But now thou 'rt far from me,

Robin Adair!

And now I never see

Robin Adair!

Yet he I love so well,

Still in my heart shall dwell,

Oh, I can ne'er forget

Robin Adair.

Rock Me To Sleep

The melody given here will be more familiar to us and better loved by some than is the tune by Müller, even if the Müller score has a little better claim to musical merit.

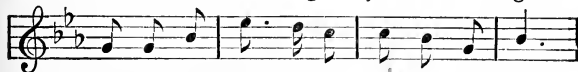
Words by Mrs. ELIZABETH AKERS-ALLEN.



Back-ward, turn back-ward, oh, time, in your flight,



Make me a child a-gain just for to-night!



Mo-ther, come back from the ech - o - less shore,

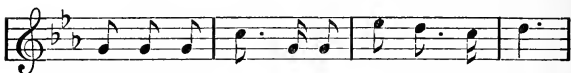
72 Songs That Every Child Should Know



Take me a - gain to your heart as of yore ;



Kiss from my fore-head the fur - rows of care,



Smooth the few sil - ver threads out of my hair,

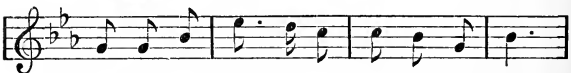


O - ver my slum - bers your lov - ing watch keep ;

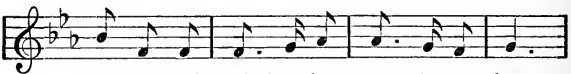


Rock me to sleep, mo-ther, rock me to sleep.

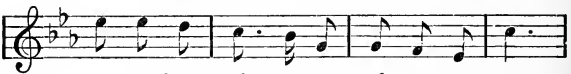
Chorus.



Clasped to your heart in a lov - ing em - brace,



With your light lash-es just sweep-ing my face,



Nev - er here - af - ter to wake or to weep ;

rit.



Rock me to sleep, mo-ther, rock me to sleep.

Backward, flow backward, oh tide of the years!
I am so weary of toil and of tears,
Toil without recompense, tears all in vain,
Take them and give me my childhood again;
I have grown weary of dust and decay,
Weary of flinging my soul-wealth away;
Weary of sowing for others to reap, —
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.

Tired of the hollow, the base, the untrue,
Mother, oh, mother, my heart calls for you;
Many a summer the grass has grown green,
Blossomed and faded, our faces between;
Yet with strong yearning and passionate pain,
Long I to-night for your presence again.
Come from the silence so long and so deep, —
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.

Over my heart in [*the*] days that are flown
No love like mother-love ever has shone;
No other worship abides and endures
Faithful, unselfish and patient like yours;
None like a mother can charm away pain
From the sick soul and the world-weary brain;
Slumber's soft calms o'er my heavy lids creep, —
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.

Come, let your brown hair, just lighted with gold,
Fall on your shoulders again as of old;
Let it drop over my forehead to-night,
Shading my faint eyes away from the light;

74. *Songs That Every Child Should Know*

For with its sunny-edged shadows once more,
Haply will throng the sweet visions of yore;
Lovingly, softly, its bright billows sweep, —
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.

Mother, dear mother, the days have been long
Since I last listened your lullaby song;
Sing, then, and into my soul it shall seem
Womanhood's years have been only a dream.
Clasped to your heart in a loving embrace,
With your light lashes just sweeping my face, —
Never hereafter to wake or to weep, —
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.

A Russian Melody

Moderato.



Min - - - ka, I must go to - - mor - row,



Ah! thou know'st not half my sor-row, When shall I some



com-fort bor - row, When a - far from thee?



Dull will seem the bright sun yon-der, While a-lone and



Never shall my love forsake thee,
Though my songs no more shall wake thee,
Still my greetings shall o'ertake thee,
 Grant me, then, one prayer!
After many a slow noon's waning,
If once more my home regaining,
Let me find thee, Love, remaining
 Faithful still and fair.

Oh, my Olaf, must we sever?
I will think of thee forever,
Song and dance shall tempt me never,
 Pale my cheek will be.
And through long nights wakeful lying,
When the winds around are sighing,
I shall ask them, if in flying,
 Thee they chance to see.

Now my gay songs all unlearning,
I must wait with anxious yearning,
But with thee again returning,
 Joy once more will shine.
What though all my youthful graces
Cruel Time meanwhile effaces,
Spite of sorrows, scars, and traces,
 Thou wilt still be mine.

The Sandman

Translator, CHAPMAN.

*Lullaby from the Lower Rhine.**pp Misterioso.*

The flow'rs have gone to bed - - dy, The
 moon's be - gun to shine. Each nods its lit - tle
 head - dy Up - on its stem so fine.
 The branch-es rus - tle; And they seem To
 sigh as in a dream. Sleep - - y,
 Sleep-y, sleep - y, Sleep, my ba - by, sleep.

Copyright, G. Schirmer.

The birds that sang so sweetly
 By day, have gone to rest,
 And each is tucked up neatly
 All in its little nest;

||: The cottage in the garden here
 Is still awake, I fear.

Sleepy, sleepy, sleepy,

Sleep, my baby, mine. :||

The Sandman will be coming
And poking in his head,
To look for naughty children
That have n't gone to bed ;
|| : And if he takes them by surprise,
The sand flies in their eyes !
Sleepy, sleepy, sleepy,
Sleep, my baby, sleep. :||

Sing, Smile, Slumber

(Chantez, Riez, Dormez)

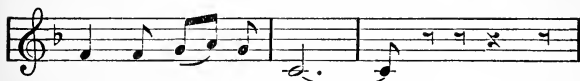
This pitiable translation here exists for the music's sake.

Words by VICTOR HUGO.

Music by GOUNOD.



Soft - ly sing . . when the hour Of



day - light fades a - - - way.



Thou wilt feel . . the calm pow'r, The

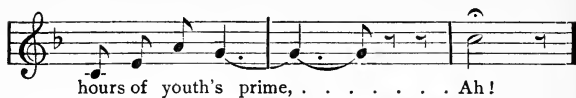


light of vir - tue's ray. . .

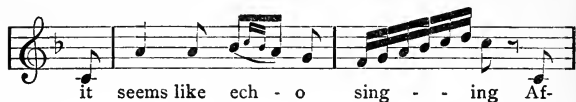


Thy sweet son fond - ly bring the hap - py

78 *Songs That Every Child Should Know*



hours of youth's prime, Ah!



it seems like ech - o sing - - ing Af-



fec - tion's tune - ful rhyme. Ah! sing . . .



. . . . ah! sing, my fair one, Love's ten - der



chime. Ah . . . sing, my



fair one, Love's ten - - - der . . . chime.

Sweetly smiling around me
 Pleasure fondly beams;
 Care and sorrow are flown,
 'T is bright as lover's dreams:
 Ah! the fond heart will never
 False and fickle appear,
 Ah! on thy sweet lips forever
 A smile my heart will cheer,

Ah! smile, ah! smile, my fair one,
 My heart to cheer,
 Ah! sing, my fair one,
 My heart to cheer.

Sweetly sleep, calm and pure,
 Beneath love's watchful eyes,
 Like a language divine
 I hear thy tender sighs.
 Sweetly slumber, my fair one,
 In thy beauty divine, ah!
 Bright angels now are o'er thee,
 Sweet spirit, ever mine!
 Ah! sleep, ah! sleep, my fair one,
 Sweet spirit mine,
 Ah! sleep, my fair one,
 Sweet spirit mine.

A Striped Apron They Shall Make

Translator, Dr. THEO. BAKER.

Roman.

Allegro.



A strip - ed a - pron they shall make for you,



love. . . . A ker - chief barr'd with red I'll



give you too, love. A love. "O

80 *Songs That Every Child Should Know*



dear, O dear, O dear!" Mam - ma says, "Pa - pa



never will hear! O dear, O dear, O

D.C.



dear, O dear!" Mam-ma says, "Pa-pa nev - er will hear!"

Copyright, G. Schirmer.

Thou Art Gone From My Gaze

Linley is supposed to have written this song under the tragic inspiration of his daughter's death. Miss Linley was Richard Brinsley Sheridan's wife and her beauty has become traditional.

Words by THOMAS LINLEY.



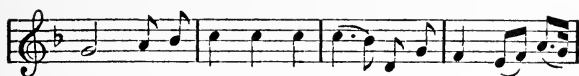
Thou art gone from my gaze, Like a beau - ti - ful



dream, And I seek thee in vain By the mea - dow and



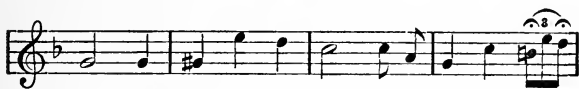
stream. Oft I breathe thy dear name To the winds float-ing



by, But thy sweet voice is mute to my bo - som's lone



sigh. In the still-ness of night Yet I will not re-



pine, Ere long we shall meet in the home that's now



thine; For I feel thou art near, And where'er I may



be, That the Spir-it of Love keeps a watch o-ver me.

Thou, Thou Fillest My Heart, Dear

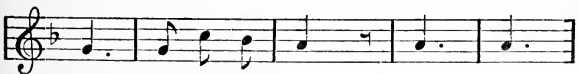
Translator, CHAPMAN.

Folk-Song (1820).

p Moderato.



Thou, thou fill - est my heart, dear, Thou,

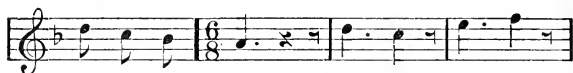


thou pleas-est mine eye. Thou, thou,

82 *Songs That Every Child Should Know*



troub - lest me sore - ly, Know'st not how



lov - ing am I? Yes, yes, yes, yes,



Know'st not how lov - ing am I?

Copyright, G. Schirmer.

So, so, so as I love thee,
So, so, so as I love thee,
All, all tenderest feelings
Dwell in my fancy for thee.
Yes, yes, yes, yes,
Dwell in my fancy for thee.

Yet, yet how can I trust thee,
Thou, thou light-o'-love aye?
Thou, thou trustest me wholly,
Knowing how loyal am I.
Yes, yes, yes, yes,
Knowing how loyal am I.

If, if when we are parted,
Thou this picture shouldst see,
Then, then be broken-hearted,
Wish we together might be!
Yes, yes, yes, yes,
Wish we together might be.

To Be Near The Fair Idol

Translated and adapted by THEO. T. BAKER.

Music by SALVATOR ROSA.



To be near the fair I - dol be - lov - ed



Is the sweet - est de - light of the heart!



Is the fond



. est, the sweet - est de -



light of the heart, The fond - - est, de -



light of the heart!

To be far from the dear one removed
 Is love's saddest, its painfullest smart!
 Is love's saddest, its painfullest, painfullest smart!
 Is love's saddest, painfullest smart.

Trippole, Trappole

Translator, Dr. THEO. BAKER.

Music Spanish (*Neapolitan adoption*).

A egretto.

But - ter - fly white would light . . . here,

O - ver my heart would bite . . . here;

Ah! what a pain 't was! Nay, Mam-ma dar - ling!

Ah! what a pain 't was! nay! Ah! what a pain 't was!

Ah! what a pain 't was! Nay, Mam-ma dar - ling!

Ah! what a pain 't was! nay!

Trip-po-le, trap-po-le, trip-po-le, trap-po-le,



trip - po - le, trap - po - le, trip - po - le, trà'!



Ah! what a pain 't was! nay, Mam-ma dar - ling!

D.C.



Ah! what a pain 't was! nay!

Copyright, G. Schirmer.

Now I have taken thy heart,
 And I will give thee my heart:
 Ah! 't will be joyful, eh, Mamma darling?
 Ah! 't will be joyful, eh? Ah! 't will be joyful!
 Ah! 't will be joyful, eh, Mamma darling?
 Ah! 't will be joyful, eh?
 Trippole, trappole, *etc.*

True Love

Translator, CHAPMAN.

Modern Folk-song from The Thuringian Forest.

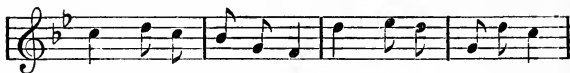
Moderato.



How can I leave thee so? How can I bear to go?



Thou know'st how well I love; Trust me, mine own!



Thou, dear, this heart of mine Hast made so whol-ly thine,



None oth - er could I love But thee a - lone.

Copyright, G. Schirmer.

Blue is the flower I 've brought,
 'T is called For-get-me-not;
 Lay this against thy heart,
 And think of me.
 Tho' flower and hope should die,
 Rich, dear, art thou and I
 In love, that on my part
 Deathless shall be.

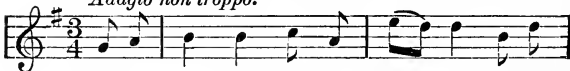
If I a bird could be,
 Soon should I come to thee;
 Falcon nor hawk I 'd fear,
 To thee I 'd fly.
 Fell I, by fowler pressed,
 Dying upon thy breast,
 Didst thou but shed a tear,
 Gladly I 'd die.

True Love

Translator, CHAPMAN.

Folk-song (1808) Old Folk Tune, published 1818 (German).

Adagio non troppo.



Man - y as the stars that yon - der in the

vault of heav'n are seen, Man-y as the sheep that
 wan-der in the grass-y mea-dows green, Man-y
 as the birds a-fly-ing, Hith-er, thith-er, there, a-
 fly-ing, Are my greet-ings, dear, to
dim.
 thee, are my greet-ings, dear, to thee!

Copyright, G. Schirmer.

Shall I ne'er again behold thee,
 Now that I indeed must go?
 Oh! I cannot, dear, conceive it,
 Ah! the pain of parting so.
 Had my love been past and over
 Ere I wooed thee as a lover,
 ||: I were not so sad to-day. :||

Who can tell if long hereafter,
 In this world of grief and pain,
 After sorrow, after trouble,
 I shall meet thee, love, again?
 'T is as if a flame devoured me,
 'T is as if a flood o'erpowered me.
 ||: Love, I am in agony. :||

Yet with patience I will bear it,
 Ever will I think of thee;
 Every morning will I whisper,
 Wilt thou come, my love, to me?
 Every evening will I say it,
 And with brimming eyes I'll pray it,
 || : Ah, my dear one, think of me. : ||

I shall not forget thee, never,
 Though my life should last for aye.
 And a-meantime, dear, whenever
 On my death-bed I shall lie,
 In the churchyard be my slumbers
 Like a child's, whom loving numbers
 || : In its cradle rock to sleep. : ||

Two Royal Children

Translator, CHAPMAN.

German Folk-song.

Adagio non troppo.

The musical score is written on four staves of music in a single system. The key signature has one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is common time (C). The melody is simple and folk-like. The lyrics are printed below the notes, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across notes. The final note of the fourth staff is a whole note with a fermata and a double bar line.

There once were two roy - al chil - dren, Who
 lov'd one an - oth - er right well; They nev - er could
 meet one an - oth - er, The riv - er was deep and
 fell, The riv - er was deep and fell.

Copyright, G. Schirmer.

Ah! dearest, couldst thou but swim it,
Then swim it across to me.
Three tapers I 'll set burning,
||: To be a guide to thee. :||

A faithless nun o'erheard it,
Who made to be asleep,
And out she put those tapers;
||: The youth was drownèd deep: :||

Then into her arms she took him,
His red lips kissed she then,
And said, "Could these lips but answer,
||: My heart would be whole again." :||

Then round her she flung her mantle
And leaped into the sea.
"Good-bye, my father and mother,
||: Ye 'll ne'er again see me." :||

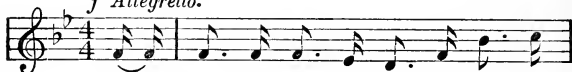
Then bells began a-ringing,
Then was there fear and dread;
Here lie two royal children,
||: And both of them are dead. :||

Battle Hymn Of The Republic

This melody was first used as a Sunday School Hymn in Charleston, S. C., and may have been written by William Steffe in 1856. When the 12th Massachusetts regiment passed through Boston and New York they sang this song, — probably for the sake of its swinging refrain — “Glory, Glory, Hallelujah!” On the instant the song found national adoption. Since the words written by Julia Ward Howe were given to the melody, the song has been sung by the “military” the world over.

Words by JULIA WARD HOWE.

f Allegretto.



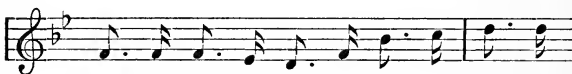
Mine eyes have seen the glo - ry of the



com - ing of the Lord, He is tramp - ling out the



vin - tage where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath



loosed the fate - ful light - ning of His ter - ri -

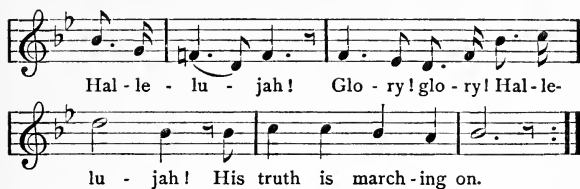


ble swift sword, His truth is march - ing on.

Chorus.



Glo - ry! glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry! glo - ry!



I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred
circling camps;

They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews
and damps;

I can read his righteous sentence by the dim and
flaring lamps,

His day is marching on.

Glory! glory! Hallelujah! *etc.*

I have read a fiery gospel, writ in burnished rows
of steel;

“As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my
grace shall deal;

Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent
with His heel,

Since God is marching on.”

Glory! glory! Hallelujah! *etc.*

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never
call retreat;

He is sifting out the hearts of men before His
judgment seat;

Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant,
my feet,

Our God is marching on.

Glory! glory! Hallelujah! *etc.*

In the beauty of the lilies, Christ was born across
 the sea,
 With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you
 and me;
 As He died to make them holy, let us die to make
 men free,
 While God is marching on.
 Glory! glory! Hallelujah! *etc.*

The Campbells Are Comin'

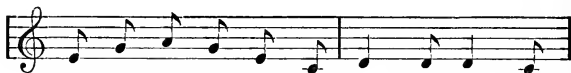
The picturesque story of the part this song played at the Siege of Lucknow may not be true, but it is an interesting story to believe. According to tradition, the besieged people in Lucknow were about to give up. Not only were the men and women starving, but every line of fortification had been taken by the Sepoys, and the besieged were fighting in the last ditch; when Jennie, an old Scotch woman who was in a state of collapse from starvation, suddenly called: "Dinna ye hear the bagpipes? Dinna ye hear the bagpipes? The Campbells are comin'!" Within the hour Colin Campbell marched into Lucknow with his regiment, to the tune of his clan — "The Campbells are comin', Oho! Oho!" and the siege of Lucknow was raised.

Refrain.

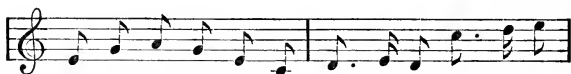
Vivace.



The Camp-bells are com - in', O - ho, O - ho, The

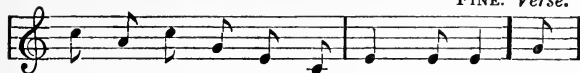


Camp-bells are com - in', O - ho, O - ho, The



Camp-bells are com - in', To bon - nie Loch-le - ven, The

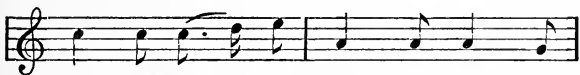
FINE. Verse.



Camp-bells are com-in', O - ho, O - ho. Up



on the Lo - monds I lay, I lay, Up -

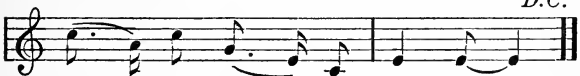


on the Lo - monds I lay, I lay, I



look - it down to bon - nie Loch - le - ven, And

D.C.



saw the perch - es play, play.

The Great Argyle, he goes before,
 He makes his cannons and guns to roar;
 Wi' sound o' trumpet, fife, and drum,
 The Campbells are comin', Oho, Oho!
 The Campbells are comin'! *etc.*

The Campbells they are a' wi' arms,
 Their royal faith and truth to show;
 Wi' banners rattlin' in the wind,
 The Campbells are comin', Oho, Oho!
 The Campbells are comin'! *etc.*

Maryland! My Maryland!

The words were born of the patriotic moment as all such performances are. The author found them in his mind in the night after stirring military news from Maryland had reached him, and they formed themselves to a tune that was wild and fantastic, and which later eluded the author; but the words were pinned to paper and never to be forgotten. The words given here are as they were originally written, and are given under the author's sign and seal. The words of the Fir-Tree belong to the tune as sung by the Germans as a folk tune.

Words by JAMES R. RANDALL.

Moderato.

The musical score is written in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. It consists of six staves of music. The lyrics are placed below the notes, with some words grouped by curly braces. The score ends with a double bar line.

{ The des - pot's heel is on thy shore, Oh
 { His torch is at thy tem - ple door, Oh

Ma - ry - land, My Ma - ry - land! }
 Ma - ry - land, My Ma - ry - land! }

A - venge the pa - tri - ot - ic gore That
 flecked the streets of Bal - ti - more, And be the bat - tle -
 queen of yore, Oh Ma - ry - land! My Mary - land!

Hark to an exiled son's appeal,
 Maryland!
 My mother-State, to thee I kneel,
 Maryland!

For life and death, for woe and weal,
Thy peerless chivalry reveal,
And gird thy beauteous limbs with steel,
Maryland! My Maryland!

Come! 't is the red dawn of the day,
Maryland!

Come, with thy panoplied array,
Maryland!

With Ringgold's spirit for the fray,
With Watson's blood at Monterey,
With fearless Lowe and dashing May,
Maryland! My Maryland!

Thou wilt not cower in the dust,
Maryland!

Thy beaming sword shall never rust,
Maryland!

Remember Carroll's sacred trust;
Remember Howard's warlike thrust,
And all thy slumb'ers with the just,
Maryland! My Maryland!

Dear mother, burst the tyrant chain,
Maryland!

Virginia should not call in vain,
Maryland!

She meets her sisters on the plain —
"Sic Semper!" 't is the proud refrain
That baffles minions back amain,
Maryland!

Arise, in majesty again,
Maryland! My Maryland!

Come! for thy shield is bright and strong,
Maryland!

Come! for thy dalliance does thee wrong,
Maryland!

Come to thine own heroic throng,
Stalking with Liberty along,
And chant thy dauntless slogan song,
Maryland! My Maryland!

I see the blush upon thy cheek,
Maryland!

For thou wast ever bravely meek,
Maryland!

But lo! there surges forth a shriek,
From hill to hill, from creek to creek,
Potomac calls to Chesapeake,
Maryland! My Maryland!

Thou wilt not yield the Vandal toll,
Maryland!

Thou wilt not crook to his control,
Maryland!

Better the fire upon thee roll,
Better the shot, the blade, the bowl,
Than crucifixion of the soul,
Maryland! My Maryland!

I hear the distant thunder-hum,
Maryland!

The Old Line bugle, fife and drum,
Maryland!

She is not dead nor deaf nor dumb —
Huzza! She spurns the Northern scum!
She breathes! She burns! She 'll come!
She 'll come!
Maryland! My Maryland!

The Fir-Tree

Tune, *Fir-Tree* (1799).

||: O Fir-tree green! O Fir-tree green!
How loyal is thy leafage! :||
Not green alone in summer-time,
But green in winter's snow and rime!
O Fir-tree green! O Fir-tree green!
How loyal is thy leafage!

||: Ah! maid of mine, ah! maid of mine,
How faithless was your passion! :||
You plighted troth in lucky days,
But now I 'm poor, you go your ways!
Ah! maid of mine, ah! maid of mine,
How faithless was your passion!

||: The nightingale, the nightingale,
You took her for your pattern! :||
So long as summer smiles, she 'll stay;
When autumn comes, she flits away!
The nightingale, the nightingale,
You took her for your pattern.

98 *Songs That Every Child Should Know*

|| : The valley stream, the valley stream,
 Your fickleness doth mirror ; :||
 For only when there 's rain it flows ;
 In droughts its springs will quickly close !
 The valley stream, the valley stream
 Your fickleness doth mirror.

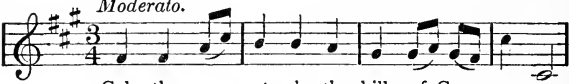
Morva Rhuddlan

This song is supposed to have been composed by King Caradoc's court minstrel immediately after the battle recounted in the text. It is the oldest Welsh melody known.

Words by IENAN GLAN GEIRIONNYDD.

Air, Morva Rhuddlan (795).


Moderato.



Calm the sun sets o'er the hills of Caer-nar-von,




Deep fall the shadows on valley and lea ;



Scarce a breath ripples the breast of old ocean,



Faint on my ear falls the roll of the sea.



Loud my heart beats while indignant and thrilling,



Thoughts of the bat - tle my spir - its are fill - ing,



Thoughts of the bat - tle so fa - tal to Bri - tain



When the brave *Cym-ru* fell on Mor - va Rhudd-lan.

Dim through the glooming I see the broad targes,

Weapons I hear, as they clash on the shield;

Arrows fly hissing, and oft-renewed charges

Thunder, and shake the blood-cover'd field;

Higher than all, o'er the cries of the wounded,

Proudly the voice of Caradoc resounded,

"Down with the foeman, fight bravely for Britain,

Or the moon see us cold on the Morva Rhuddlan."

See, the bold hearts of the Britons are heaving,

Red like their swords, seem their eyeballs to glow;

See, the strong arm a wide passage is cleaving

Right through the faltering ranks of the foe;

Rises the voice of all *Cymru* to heaven, —

"Now in our anguish let succour be given;

Send O our Lord, send down comfort to Britain,

Give success to our host in Morva Rhuddlan."

Swift through my soul darts a feeling of horror,

Hark! the proud enemy shouts o'er his prey;

But oh! rejoice not, or boast of thy valor,

Numbers, not courage, have conquered to-day!

There, at their thresholds stand wailing in sorrow
Sires, wives and children—and fear for the morrow.
All to the crags and the mountains of Arvon
Will fly from the slaughter of Morva Rhuddlan.

Cries of defeat arise, dismal and dreary,
Wildest lament fills the valley and plain:
Shout echo'd forth from the cliffs of Eryri
Tells how the Cymric heart bleeds for the slain.
Terror, the court of Caradoc, oppresses,
Loss of the chieftain all *Cymru* distresses;
Then strikes the Bard his deep harp-strings of
Arvon,
And tunes the air plaintive — “Old Morva Rhuddlan.”

Rule, Britannia

Written in 1740, and Händel used the air in “Occasional Oratorios” in 1746. Southey said of it, “The political hymn of this country [England] as long as she maintains her political power.”

Words by JAMES THOMPSON.

Music by Dr. ARNE.

When Bri - tain first, at Heav'n's com-
mand, A - rose from out the
a - - zure main, A - rose, a - rose, a -
rose from out the a - zure main, This was the



char - ter, the char - ter of the land, And



guar - dian an - - gels sung this strain!



Rule, Bri - tan - nia, Bri - tan - nia, rule the waves ;



Bri - tons nev - er, nev - er, nev - er will be slaves!

The nations not so blest as thee,

||: Must in their turn to tyrants fall; :||

While thou shalt flourish great and free,

The dread and envy of them all.

Rule Britannia, *etc.*

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,

||: More dreadful from each foreign stroke; :||

As the loud blast that tears the skies

Serves but to root thy native oak.

Rule Britannia, *etc.*

Thee, haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame,

||: All their attempts to bend thee down :||

Will but arouse thy generous flame;

But work thy woe and thy renown.

Rule Britannia, *etc.*

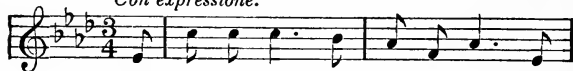
To thee belongs the rural reign;
 ||: Thy cities shall with commerce shine; :||
 All thine shall be the subject main,
 And every shore it circles, thine.
 Rule Britannia, *etc.*

The Muses, still with freedom found,
 ||: Shall to thy happy court repair; :||
 Blest Isle! with matchless beauty crown'd,
 And manly hearts to guard the fair.
 Rule Britannia, *etc.*

The Sword Of Bunker Hill

Words by WM. R. WALLACE. Music by BERNARD COVERT.

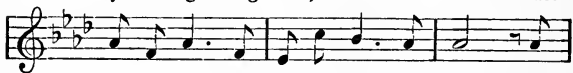
Con espressione.



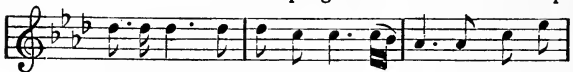
He lay up - on his dy - ing bed, His



eye was grow - ing dim, When with a fee - ble



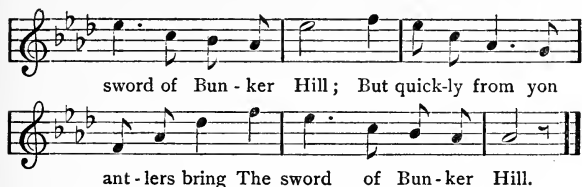
voice he called His weep - ing son to him: "Weep



not, my boy!" the vet'-ran said, "I bow to heav'n's high



will; But quick - ly from yon ant - lers bring The



The sword was brought, the soldier's eye
Lit up with sudden flame ;
And as he grasped the ancient blade,
He murmured Warren's name ;
Then said, " My boy, I leave you gold,
But what is richer still,
I leave you — mark me, mark me now —
The sword of Bunker Hill ;
I leave you — mark me, mark me now —
The sword of Bunker Hill.

" 'T was on that dread immortal day,
I dared the Briton's band,
A captain raised this blade on me, —
I tore it from his hand ;
And while the glorious battle raged,
It lightened freedom's will,
For, boy, the God of Freedom bless'd
The sword of Bunker Hill.
For, boy, the God of Freedom bless'd
The sword of Bunker Hill.

" Oh, keep the sword ! " his accents broke —
A smile — and he was dead,
But his wrinkled hand still grasped the blade
Upon that dying bed.

The son remains, the sword remains,
 Its glory growing still,
 And twenty millions bless the sire,
 And sword of Bunker Hill.
 And twenty millions bless the sire,
 And sword of Bunker Hill.

Tramp, Tramp, Tramp

GEORGE F. ROOT.

mf

In the pris - on cell I sit, Think - ing,

Moth - er dear, of you, And our

bright and hap-py home so far a - way; And the

tears they fill my eyes, Spite of all that I can do,

Though I try to cheer my com-rades and be gay.

Chorus.

f

Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are march - ing,



Cheer up, Com-rades, they will come ; And be-



neath the star-ry flag We shall breathe the air a-gain



Of the free - land in our own be-lov-ed home.

In the battle front we stood
When their fiercest charge they made,
And they swept us off, a hundred men or more ;
But before we reached their lines
They were beaten back dismayed,
And we heard the cry of victory o'er and o'er.
Tramp, tramp, tramp, *etc.*

So within the prison cell,
We are waiting for the day
That shall come to open wide the iron door ;
And the hollow eye grows bright,
And the poor heart almost gay,
As we think of seeing home and friends once more.
Tramp, tramp, tramp, *etc.*

Die Wacht am Rhein

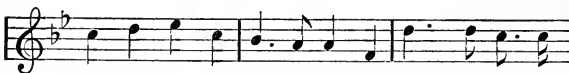
MAX SCHNEKENBURGER.

CARL WILHELM (1854).

Translation by LADY NATALIE MACFARREN.



Like gather - ing thun - der spreads a cry, Like



clash of arms when bat-tle's nigh, The Rhein! there's danger



to the Rhein! Who'll shield it from the foe's de-sign?

Chorus.



Dear Fath - er - land, no fear be thine, Dear



Fath - er land, no fear be thine, Stead-fast and



true, we guard our Ger - man Rhein.



Stead - fast and true, we guard our Ger - man Rhein.

The tidings flash through million hearts,
From million flaming eyes it darts ;
Our valiant sons in danger strong
Will guard our hallowed stream from wrong.
Dear Fatherland, no fear be thine, *etc.*

What though the foe my life should quench,
I know thy wave will ne'er be French ;
And ample as thy tide of blue,
The living stream of heroes true.
Dear Fatherland, no fear be thine, *etc.*

The shades of heroes past and gone
Upon our deeds are looking down ;
By home and fatherland we swear
The foemen from thy banks to scare.
Dear Fatherland, no fear be thine, *etc.*

While through my veins the life is poured,
As long as I can hold a sword,
No stranger shall our land despoil,
No foeman desecrate our soil.
Dear Fatherland, no fear be thine, *etc.*

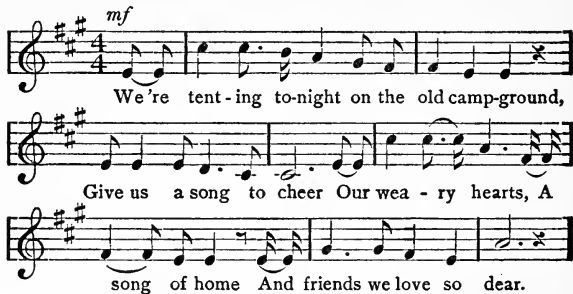
Proclaim the vow from shore to shore,
Let banners wave and cannons roar,
The Rhein! the lovely German Rhein,
To keep it Germans all combine.

|| : Dear Fatherland, all fear resign, :||
|| : Stout hearts and true will keep watch on
the Rhein. :||

We're Tenting To-Night

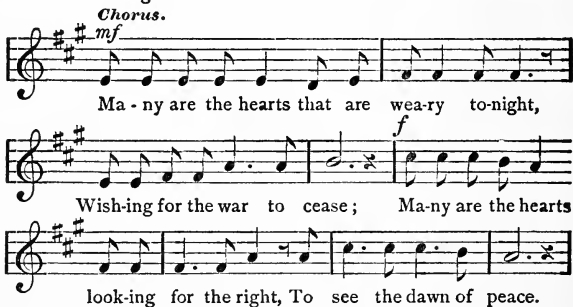
WALTER KITTREDGE.

mf



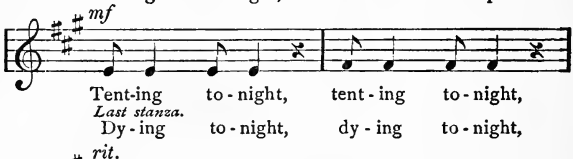
We're tent-ing to-night on the old camp-ground,
Give us a song to cheer Our wea-ry hearts, A
song of home And friends we love so dear.

Chorus.
mf



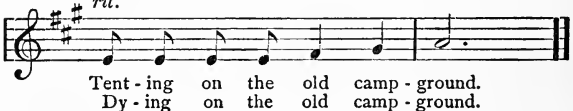
Ma-ny are the hearts that are wea-ry to-night,
Wish-ing for the war to cease; Ma-ny are the hearts
look-ing for the right, To see the dawn of peace.

mf



Tent-ing to-night, tent-ing to-night,
Dy-ing to-night, dy-ing to-night,

rit.



Tent-ing on the old camp-ground.
Dy-ing on the old camp-ground.

We've been tenting to-night on the old camp-ground,
Thinking of days gone by,
Of the loved ones at home that gave us the hand,
And the tear that said "good-bye"!
Many are the hearts that are weary to-night, *etc.*

We are weary of war on the old camp-ground,
Many are the dead and gone
Of the brave and true who have left their homes,
Others wounded long.
Many are the hearts that are weary to-night, *etc.*

We've been fighting to-day on the old camp-ground,
Many are lying near;
Some are dead — and dying are some,
Many a one in tears.
Many are the hearts that are weary to-night, *etc.*

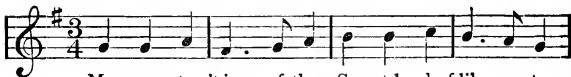
America

The prompter of the Drury Lane theatre told the following story in his Memoirs, and the anecdote is quoted from Baring-Gould's *English Minstrelsie*. "At Weymouth King George III. was caught in the rain whilst passing the theatre, and for shelter he entered, went into the Royal box, and seating himself in his own chair, fell into a comfortable doze. Elliston, the actor, who was also the manager, went into the theatre, and seeing a man asleep in the Royal box, entered it with the intention of kicking him out. However, he recognized the King. The theatre had to be got ready for an approaching representation. What was to be done? Elliston hit on the following expedient; taking up a violin from the orchestra he stepped into the pit, and placing himself just beneath his exalted guest, struck up the National Anthem. The Royal sleeper unclosed his eyes, started up, and staring at the comedian exclaimed: 'Hey, hey! What, what! Oh, I see, Elliston! Ha, ha! rain came on; took a nap! What's o'clock?' 'Six o'clock, your Majesty.' 'Six o'clock? Ho, ho! send to her Majesty, tell her to bring my best wig. Don't keep the people waiting. Light up! I'll stay.'" This account being contemporaneous with King George's reign, it is doubtless founded upon something of fact, since it would so obviously have been refuted by some one, had there been no basis of fact for the anecdote. This has been the National Hymn of sev-

eral countries — England,* America, Prussia, and others. The authorship has never been satisfactorily settled, but the strongest claim is that of Henry Carey. It was written sometime between 1736 and 1740. Several sets of words are appended, also the best fugitive stanza. The author of the American words was celebrated delightfully by Oliver Wendell Holmes, who wrote:

“And there’s a nice fellow of excellent pith, —
Fate tried to conceal him by naming him Smith,
But he shouted a song for the brave and the free, —
Just read on his medal, ‘My country, of thee!’”

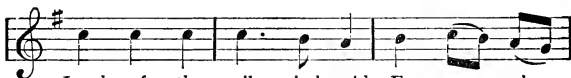
Words by SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH.



My coun - try 't is of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,



Of thee I sing; Land where my fa - thers died,



Land of the pil - grim's pride, From ev - 'ry



moun - tain side Let free - dom ring!

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring among the trees
Sweet freedom's song.

Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

* Of the popular words to the English hymn, Gilbert wrote:

“Like the Banbury Lady, whom every one knows,
He's [The Briton] cursed with its music where'er he goes.
Though its words but imperfectly rhyme,
And the devil himself could n't scan them,
With composure polite, he endures day and night
That illiterate National Anthem.”

Our father's God! to thee,
Author of liberty!
To thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright,
With freedom's holy light,
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King.

God Save The King

(Original Verses)

God save our Lord the King,
Long live our noble King,
God save the King.
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the King.

O Lord, our God, arise,
Scatter our enemies,
And make them fall;
Confound their politics,
Frustrate their knavish tricks,
On him our hearts we fix,
God save us all.

Thy choicest gifts in store,
On him be pleased to pour,
Long may he reign;

May he defend our laws,
 And ever give us cause
 To sing with heart and voice,
 God save the King.

FUGITIVE STANZA

(*Longfellow*)

Lord, let war's tempests cease,
 Fold the whole world in peace
 Under thy wings.
 Make all the nations one,
 All hearts beneath the sun,
 Till Thou shalt reign alone,
 Great King of Kings.

Austrian Hymn

On May 26, 1809, Haydn was carried by his servants from his bed to his piano and for the last time played the hymn. Five days later he was dead.

Words, LAURENZ LEOPOLD HASCHKA. Music, JOSEPH HAYDN.



God up-hold thee, mighty Em-p'ror, Mon-arch of our



East - ern land; Pow'r and Wis-dom e'er at-tend thee,



Right-cous-ness with thee shall stand, Till with lau-rel

The image shows three staves of musical notation in G major, 4/4 time. The first staff contains the melody for the first line of lyrics. The second staff contains the melody for the second line of lyrics. The third staff contains the melody for the third line of lyrics, ending with a double bar line. The lyrics are: crown'd a vic-tor, All hearts bow at thy com-mand. God up-hold thee, and de-fend thee, Em - p'ror of our Aus - trian land!

crown'd a vic - tor, All hearts bow at
thy com-mand. God up-hold thee, and de-fend thee,
Em - p'ror of our Aus - trian land!

Happy, flow'ry land! His sceptre
Rules o'er valley, mount and plain;
Mildly, calmly, justly ruleth,
He, the people's love would gain.
Yet his weapon'd might, in splendor,
Beams through all the land amain.
God uphold thee, warrior, Father,
Monarch of our Austrian land.

He delights the poor to cherish,
He awakes the minstrel's lay;
He would not that any perish,
All admire the gentle sway.
"Heaven reward him, God defend him,"
Thus we sing, and thus we pray.
Emp'ror, Monarch, Father, Kaiser,
All thy peaceful rule obey!

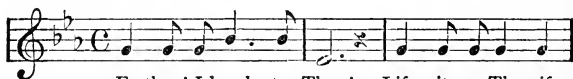
He from bondage will deliver,
He would make us truly free;
In the German heart shall ever
He the brightest mem'ry be,

Till in other worlds, a welcome
 Meets in blest eternity.
 God defend thee, God attend thee,
 Emp'ror Franz, all hail to thee!

The Battle Prayer

Words by WALTER MAURIE.

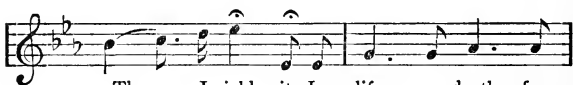
Music by HIMMEL.



Fa-ther! I bend to Thee! Life, it was Thy gift,



Thou now canst shield it. From Thee it came, and to



Thee I yield it; In life or death, for -



sake not me; Fa - ther, I bend to Thee.



Fa-ther! I trust in Thee! When midst the battle's strife



Death did sur-round me, E'en at the cannon's mouth

Songs That Every Child Should Know 115



Death hath not found me. Father 't was Thy will! I



trust in Thee; Fa - ther, still guide Thou me.



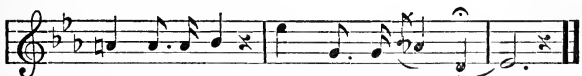
All I give back to thee! When at Thy call, I my



life then shall yield, When in the cold tomb My



fate shall be seal'd, Fa - ther! my soul



Take un-to Thee! Fa - ther, for-sake not me.

Finnish Hymn

(Björneborgarne's March)

This song is the Marseillaise of Finland. To sing it has meant banishment to Siberia for men and women, and even little children have not escaped punishment for the unthinking utterance of this air.

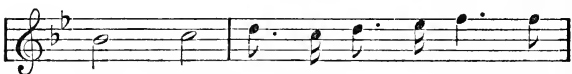
Words and music arranged by the Rev. HOBART B. WHITNEY.



1. Sons of a race that bled On Narva's heath, on
2. Glorious the star that lights our way, And sharp our steel for



Po-land's sand, on Leip-zig's plain, on Lüt-zen's mountains!
blood - y strife, the stern de-mand of du - ty!



Fin - land's might is not yet dead; Fields
For - ward! bold - ly to the fray; Our



yet may blush with foe-men's blood in foun - tains!
an-cient free-dom's path-way glows in beau - ty!



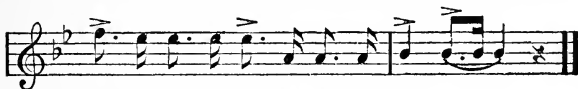
'Way! then, a-way! with peace su-pine; The storm has
Wave high, thou old vic - tor - ious flag, — Torn with



burst, the lightnings flash, the cannon thun-der! Then forward,
strife from the dim and hoar-y a - ges! On, comrades,



for - ward! line on line! On val-iant
on! 'neath the dear old tat-tered rag! Old Fin-land's



sons our val-iant sires look down in won - der!
col-ours still shall wave while bat-tle ra - ges!

The German's Fatherland

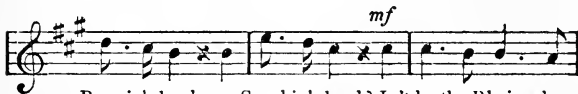
(Des Deutschen Vaterland)

ERNST MORITZ ARNDT (1813). GUSTAV REICHARDT (1825).

f Con fuoco.



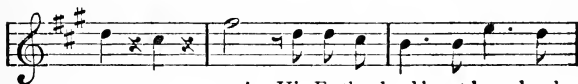
What is the Ger - man's Fa - ther - land? Is't



Prussia's land, or Swa-bia's land? Is't by the Rhein, where



grape-vines creep? Is't by the Sounds, where sea-gulls sweep? Ah



no, no, no! His Fa-ther-land's not bound-ed



so, his Fa - ther - land's not bound-ed so!

First five stanzas.

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f Sixth stanza.

What is the Ger - man's Fa - ther-land? Now

p dolce.

name to me this might-y land! Wher-e'er the

Ger-man tongue re-sounds, And prais - es God with

f

joy - ful sounds: This shall it be! This shall it

cres.

be! This, shalt thou say, be-longs to thee, be

f Seventh stanza.

longs to thee! All Ger - man - y that land shall be! Ah!

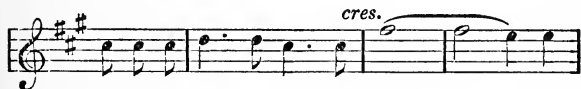
p dolce.

God in heav'n we pray Thee see That cour - age

in our hearts may dwell, To love our glo-rious coun-try



well. This shall it be! This shall it be!



That land all Ger - man-y shall be! . . . This



shall it be! All Ger - man-y that land shall be!

What is the German's Fatherland?

Bavaria or Styria?

Is it the north, in marshes drowned?

Is it the southern hunting-ground?

Ah, no, *etc.*

What is the German's Fatherland?

Westphalia or Switzerland?

Where o'er the downs the north wind blows,

Or where the rushing Danube flows?

Ah, no, *etc.*

What is the German's Fatherland?

Describe to me this mighty land.

Is it where folk of Tyrol dwell?

The place and people pleased me well.

But no, *etc.*

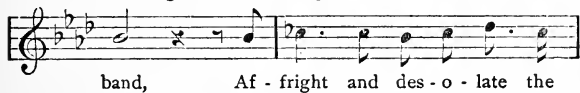
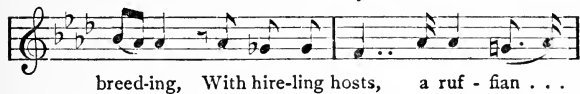
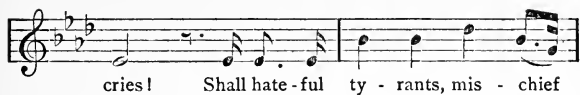
What is the German's Fatherland?
 Come, tell me. What's this mighty land?
 Why, Austria 't will surely be,
 Renowned in war for victory.
 Ah, no, *etc.*

La Marseillaise

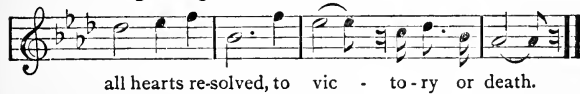
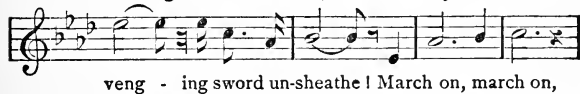
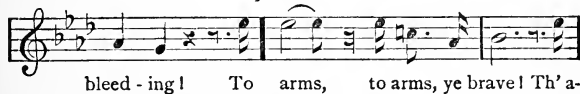
De Lisle's mother was profoundly Royalist, and not knowing that her son had composed this incendiary song she demanded upon hearing it: "What do people mean by associating our name with the revolutionary hymn which these brigands sing?" De Lisle, himself, when menaced in the Jura mountains whither he had fled as a proscribed Royalist, heard his song and asked his guide what it was called. It was in these circumstances and for the first time that he learned his song had become famous as the Marseillaise hymn.

CLAUDE JOSEPH ROUGET DE LISLE (1792).

Ye sons of France a - wake to
 glo - ry! Hark, hark! what my-riads bid you
 rise! Your chil - dren, wives, and grand - sires
 hoar - y: Be-hold their tears, and hear their
 cries! Be - hold their tears and hear their



Refrain.



Now, now the dangerous storm is scowling
 Which treacherous Kings, confederate, raise; ,
 The dogs of war, let loose, are howling,
 ||: And lo! our fields and cities blaze; :||
 And shall we basely view the ruin,
 While lawless force, with guilty stride,
 Spreads desolation far and wide,
 With crimes and blood his hands embruing?
 Ref. To arms, to arms, ye brave! etc.

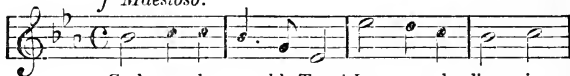
With luxury and pride surrounded,
 The vile, insensate despots dare,
 Their thirst of power and gold unbounded,
 || : To mete and vend the light and air ; : ||
 Like beasts of burden would they load us,
 Like gods would bid their slaves adore ;
 But man is man, and who is more ?
 Then, shall they longer lash and goad us ?
Ref. To arms, to arms, ye brave! *etc.*

Oh, Liberty, can man resign thee!
 Once having felt thy gen'rous flame?
 Can dungeon, bars and bolts confine thee,
 || : Or whips thy noble spirit tame? : ||
 Too long the world has wept, bewailing
 That falsehood's dagger tyrants wield ;
 But freedom is our sword and shield,
 And all their arts are unavailing.
Ref. To arms, to arms, ye brave! *etc.*

Russian Hymn

A. T. LVOFF.

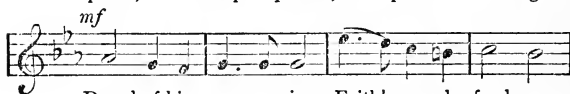
f *Maestoso.*



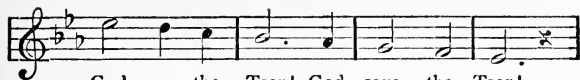
God save the no - ble Tsar! Long may he live in



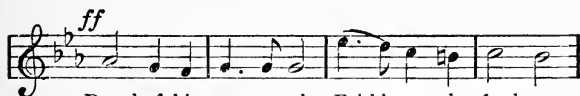
pow'r, in hap - pi-ness, in peace to reign!



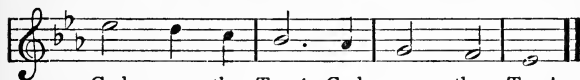
Dread of his en - e-mies, Faith's sure de - fend - er,



God save the Tsar! God save the Tsar!



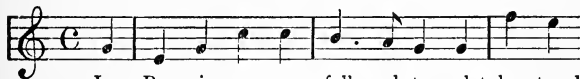
Dread of his en - e-mies, Faith's sure de - fend - er,



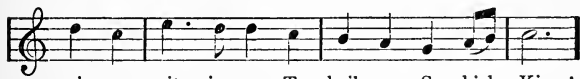
God save the Tsar! God save the Tsar!

Swedish Hymn

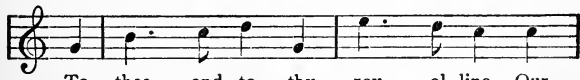
O. LINDBLAD.



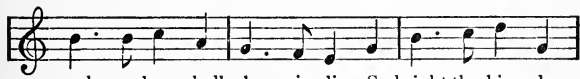
In Ru - nic meas-ure, full and strong, let heart and



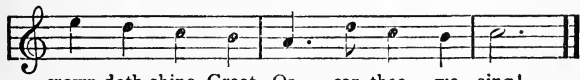
voice u - nite in song, To hail our Swed-ish King!



To thee, and to thy roy - al line, Our



zeal, our love shall e'er in-cline, So bright thy king - ly



crown doth shine, Great Os - car, thee we sing!

Oh, King! enthroned in majesty,
 Let thine the truest glory be,
 For Sweden's weal to reign.
 Then Heav'n thy empire shall assure,
 Who shields the state, and guards the poor,
 Full long in power shall he endure,
 And foes assault in vain.

Let heavenly favor now descend,
 Our monarch's glorious course attend,
 And bless the Northern land.
 As when in hero days of yore
 Our fathers fought on yonder shore,
 Or, conquering, sailed the dark seas o'er
 To many a distant strand.

**Thou Ancient, Thou Wholesome,
 Thou Mountainous North**

(Du gamla, du friska, du fjellhöga Nord)

Words (translation), VELMA SWANSTON.

Music, BERG (adapter).

Con calore.



Thou an-cient, thou whole-some, thou moun-tainous North,



Thou si - lent, thou rich in joy, thou



glo - rious! We hail thee, thou fair - est of

lands on the earth, Thy sun, thy skies, thy
 flow - 'ry val - leys greet - - - ing, Thy *pp*
 sun, thy skies, thy flow - 'ry val - leys greet - ing.

Thou ling'rest in mem'ry from former great days,
 When honored thy name o'er earth resounded:

I know that thou art, and wilt be what thou wert.
 ||: Ah! I would live, yes, I would die in the
 Northland! :||

Battle-Song

SILCHER.

Who fears to meet a glo-rious death Where
 shot and shell are fly-ing? And bet-ter to die on
 sun-lit heath Than 'mid la-ment and sigh-ing. 'T is
 hard on lone-ly couch to writhe, And wait for Death's slow

creep - ing, But when he comes with
sharp-en'd scythe We do not fear his reap-ing.

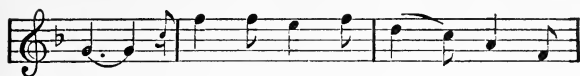
How gladly many a hero bold
From home and friends has parted,
And where the cannon's thunder rolled
Laid down his life true-hearted.
Who fears to meet a glorious death
Where shot and shell are flying,
And better to die on sunlit heath,
Than 'mid lament and sighing.

And when at close of fatal day,
With martial colors flying,
The soldier in his grave they lay,
His meed is fame undying.
Who fears to meet a glorious death
Where shot and shell are flying,
And better to die on sunlit heath,
Than 'mid lament and sighing.

The Bonnie Blue Flag

Words by Mrs. ANNIE CHAMBERS-KETCHUM. Music, *Irish Melody*
composed or adapted by HENRY MACARTHY (1862).

We are a band of broth-ers, And na - tive to the



soil, Fight - ing for our lib - er - ty, With



treas - ure, blood and toil; And when our rights were



threat - en'd The cry rose near and far, Hur -



rah for the Bon - nie Blue Flag that bears a Sin - gle Star!

Chorus.



Hur - rah! Hur - rah! for South - ern Rights, Hur -



rah! Hur - rah for the Bon - nie Blue Flag that

Second stanza.



bears a Sin - gle Star! As long as the



Un - ion was faith - ful to her trust, Like

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friends and like breth - ren kind were we and



just; But now when North-ern treach-er - y at -



tempts our rights to mar, We hoist on high the



Bon-nie Blue Flag that bears a Sin - gle Star.

First, gallant South Carolina nobly made the stand;
 Then came Alabama, who took her by the hand;
 Next, quickly Mississippi, Georgia and Florida,
 All rais'd on high the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears
 a Single Star.

Hurrah! Hurrah! for Southern Rights, *etc.*

Ye men of valor, gather round the Banner of the
 Right,
 Texas and fair Louisiana join us in the fight;
 Davis, our loved President, and Stephens, States-
 man rare,
 Now rally round the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears
 a Single Star.

Hurrah! Hurrah! for Southern Rights, *etc.*

And here's to brave Virginia! the Old Dominion
State

With the young Confederacy at length has link'd
her fate;

Impell'd by her example, now other States prepare
To hoist on high the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a
Single Star.

Hurrah! Hurrah! for Southern Rights, *etc.*

Then cheer, boys, cheer, and raise the joyous shout,
For Arkansas and North Carolina now have both
gone out;

And let another rousing cheer for Tennessee be
given,

The Single Star of the Bonnie Blue Flag has grown
to be eleven.

Hurrah! Hurrah! for Southern Rights, *etc.*

Then here's to our Confederacy, strong we are and
brave,

Like patriots of old, we'll fight our heritage to save;
And rather than submit to shame, to die we would
prefer,

So cheer for the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a
Single Star.

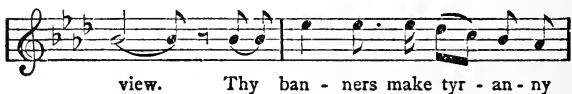
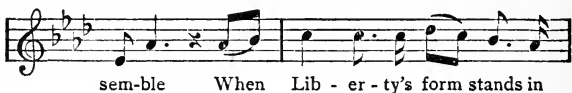
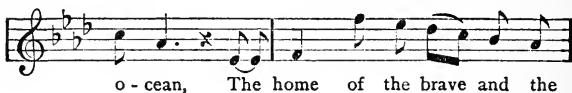
Hurrah! Hurrah! for Southern Rights, hurrah!

Hurrah! for the Bonnie Blue Flag has gain'd th'
Eleventh Star.

Columbia, The Gem Of The Ocean

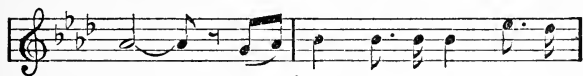
Timothy Dwight was an ancestor of the famous president of Yale College. Timothy Dwight went to the war, and afterwards himself became president of Yale. He died in 1817.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT.





trem-ble When borne by the red, white and



blue, When borne by the red, white and



blue, When borne by the red, white and



blue, Thy ban - ners make tyr - an - ny



trem-ble, When borne by the red, white and blue.

When war wing'd its wide desolation,
And threatened the land to deform,
The ark then of freedom's foundation
Columbia rode safe through the storm;
With the garlands of vict'ry around her,
When so proudly she bore her brave crew,
With her flag proudly floating before her,
The boast of the red, white and blue.
The boast of the red, white and blue!
The boast of the red, white and blue!
With her flag proudly floating before her,
The boast of the red, white and blue!

The star-spangled banner bring hither,
 O'er Columbia's true sons let it wave;
 May the wreaths they have won never wither,
 Nor its stars cease to shine on the brave.
 May the service united ne'er sever,
 But hold to their colors so true;
 The army and navy forever,
 Three cheers for the red, white and blue!
 Three cheers for the red, white and blue!
 Three cheers for the red, white and blue!
 The army and navy forever,
 Three cheers for the red, white and blue!

Hail, Columbia

Fitz-Gerald announces in his "Stories of Famous Songs" that these words were written for an actor named Fox in 1798, the music being written in 1788 and called the "President's March." He says that the music was written for the occasion of the visit of President George Washington to the John Street Theatre in New York. This makes pretty reading, but as a matter of fact there was no president of the United States in 1788. We had no president till a year later. Between the adjournment of the Constitutional Convention in 1787 and Washington's inauguration on April 30, 1789, Washington was at no time north of the Potomac. This "President's March" was most likely composed a year later than Fitz-Gerald places it, — and for Washington's inauguration.

Words by JOSEPH HOPKINSON.

Music by FYLES.



Hail, Co-lum - bia, hap - py land!



Hail, ye he - roes, heav'n-born band, Who fought and



bled in free-dom's cause, Who fought and bled in



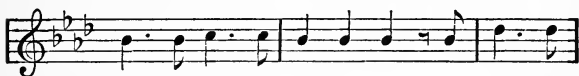
free-dom's cause, And, when the storm of war was



gone, En - joy'd the peace your va - lor won. Let



in - de-pend-ence be . . our boast,



Ev - er mind - ful what it cost; Ev - er



grate-ful for the prize, Let its al - tar

Chorus.



reach the skies. Firm, u - nit - ed let us be,



Ral - ly - ing round our lib - er - ty, . . .



As a band of broth - ers join'd,



Peace and safe - ty we shall find.

Immortal patriots, rise once more,
Defend your rights, defend your shore!
Let no rude foe, with impious hand,
Let no rude foe, with impious hand,
Invade the shrine where sacred lies,
Of toil and blood, the well-earned prize,
While off'ring peace, sincere and just,
In Heav'n we place a manly trust,
That truth and justice will prevail,
And ev'ry scheme of bondage fail.

Firm, united, let us be, *etc.*

Behold the chief who now commands,
Once more to serve his country stands,
The rock on which the storm will beat,
The rock on which the storm will beat;
But arm'd in virtue, firm and true,
His hopes are fix'd on Heav'n and you.
When hope is sinking in dismay,
When glooms obscur'd Columbia's day,
His steady mind, from changes free,
Resolv'd on death or liberty.

Firm, united, let us be, *etc.*

Scots Wha Hae

(Scotch National Hymn)

Air has been traced back to a date as early as 1512. It was then sung as *Now the Day Dawis*. Burns probably wrote the words after a thunderstorm in August of 1793. He sprung it on his friend, John Syme, with whom Burns was walking in the rain, and ostensibly it was an impromptu performance. But this habit of Burns was misleading, and doubtless the words had been fully conceived and well polished long before that rainy-day walk.

Words by ROBERT BURNS.



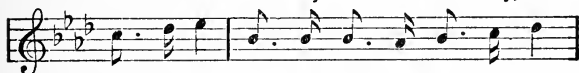
Scots, wha hae wi' Wal-lace bled, Scots, whom Bruce has



of - ten led! Wel - come to your go - ry bed,



Or to vic - to - ry! Now's the day, and



now's the hour! See the front of bat - tle low'r!



See approach proud Edward's pow'r! Chains and slavery!

Wha will be a traitor knave?

Wha will fill a coward's grave?

Wha sae base as be a slave?

Let him turn and flee!

Wha for Scotland's King and law

Freedom's sword will freely draw,

Freeman stand, or freeman fa'?

Let him follow me!

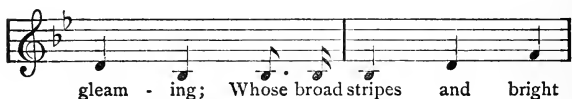
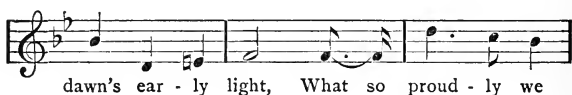
By oppressions, woes and pains,
 By your sons in servile chains,
 We will drain our dearest veins,
 But they shall be free.
 Lay the proud usurpers low,
 Tyrants fall in ev'ry foe,
 Liberty's in ev'ry blow,
 Let us do, or die!

The Star-Spangled Banner

"The Star-Spangled Banner" was first sung in a tavern near the Holiday St. Theatre in Baltimore, by Ferdinand Durang. Tune was composed between 1770 and 1775.

Words by FRANCIS SCOTT KEY.

Tune, *Anacreon in Heaven*, by JOHN STAFFORD SMITH.



Songs That Every Child Should Know 137



stars, thro' the per - i - lous



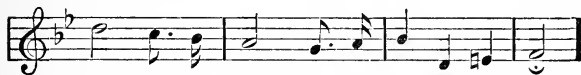
fight, O'er the ram - parts we watch'd were so



gal - lant - ly stream - ing? And the rock - ets' red



glare, Burst - ing bombs in the air, Gave



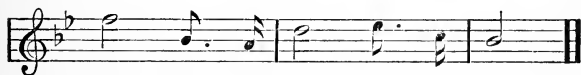
proof thro' the night that our flag was still there.



Oh, say does that star - span - gled



ban - ner yet wave O'er the land of the



free and the home of the brave?

138 *Songs That Every Child Should Know*

On the shore, dimly seen through the mists of the deep,

Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,

What is that which the breeze o'er the towering steep,

As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory, reflected, now shines on the stream,
'T is the Star-spangled Banner. Oh! long may it wave

O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

Oh! thus be it ever, when foemen shall stand
Between their loved home and foul war's desolation;

Blest with vic'try and peace may the Heav'n rescued land

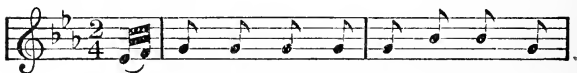
Praise the power that hath made and preserved us
a nation.

Then conquer we must, when our course is so just,
And this be our motto, — "In God is our trust."
And the Star-spangled Banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

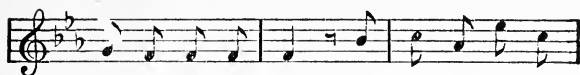
The Wearin' O' The Green

Dion Boucicault introduced this song into the play of *Arrah-na-Pogue*. It created such a sensation in London that parliamentary agitation followed.

DION BOUCICAULT.



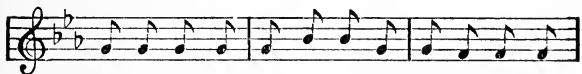
Oh! Pad-dy dear, and did you hear the



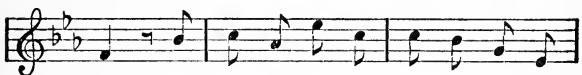
news that's go-ing round? The Sham-rock is for-



bid by law to grow on I-rish ground; St.



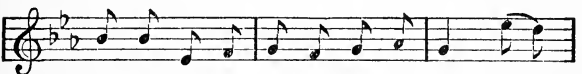
Pat-rick's day no more to keep, his col-or can't be



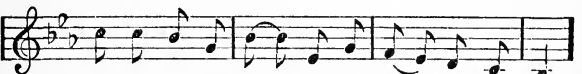
seen, For there's a blood-y law a-gin the



wear-in' o' the green. I . . . met with Napper

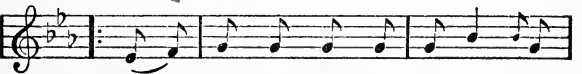


Tan-dy, and he tuk me by the hand, And he

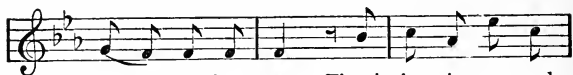


said, "How's poor ould Ire-land, and how does she stand?"

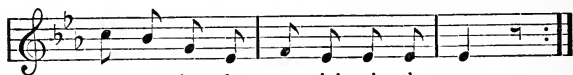
Chorus,



She's the most dis-tress-ful coun-try that



ev - er you have seen ; They 're hang-ing men and



wo - men there for wear - in' o' the green.

Then since the color we must wear is Eng-
land's cruel red,

Sure Ireland's sons will ne'er forget the blood
that they have shed ;

You may take the shamrock from your hat,
and cast it on the sod,

But 't will take root and flourish still, though
under foot 't is trod.

When the law can stop the blades of grass
from growing as they grow,

And when the leaves in summertime their
verdure dare not show,

Cho. Then I will change the color I wear in my
corbeen ;

And till that day, please God, I 'll stick to
wearin' o' the green.

But if at last our color should be torn from
Ireland's heart,

Her Sons with shame and sorrow from the
dear ould soil will part ;

I've heard whispers of a country, that lies
far beyant the sae,

Where rich and poor stand equal in the light
of freedom's day.

Oh! Erin must we leave you, driven by the
tyrant's hand?

Must we ask a mother's welcome from a
strange but happier land?

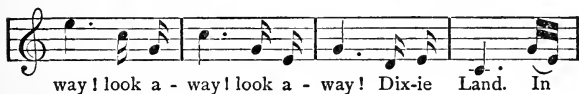
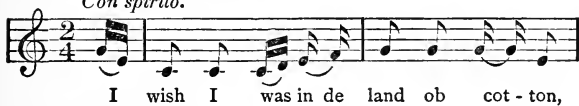
Cho. Where the cruel cross of England's thraldom
ne'er shall be seen;
And where, thank God, we'll live and die
still wearin' o' the green.

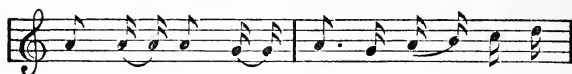
Dixie

This song had a northern origin and was written in 1859 by a member of Bryant's minstrel show. "Mason and Dixon's line" was the verbal inspiration of the song. The composer and author had travelled much with circuses, and when the circuses were showing in the north and cold weather approached, the performers longed for the southern tour to begin; and frequently the circus people would say, "I wish I was in Dixie!" This catch phrase was used in after years by the author of the song. "Dixie" was written for the grand "walk-around" for Bryant's minstrels.

Words by DANIEL EMMET.

Con spirito.





ear - ly on one frost - y mor - nin'; Look a -

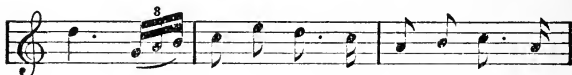


way! look a - way! look a - way! Dix - ie Land.

Chorus.



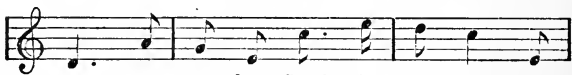
Den I wish I was in Dix - ie, hoo - ray! hoo -



ray! In Dix - ie Land I'll took my stand, To



lib an' die in Dix - ie. A - way, a -



way, a - way down South in Dix - ie. A -



way, a - way, a - way down South in Dix - ie.

Old Missus marry "Will, de weaber,"

Willium was a gay deceaber;

Look away, look away, look away! Dixie Land!

But when he put his arm around 'er,

He smiled as fierce as a forty-pounder.

Look away, look away, look away! Dixie Land!

Den I wish I was in Dixie, hooray! hooray! *etc.*

His face was sharp as a butcher's cleaver,
But that did not seem to greab 'er;

Look away, look away, look away! Dixie Land!
Old Missus act de foolish part,

An' died for a man dat broke her heart.

Look away, look away, look away! Dixie Land!
Den I wish I was in Dixie, hooray! hooray! *etc.*

Now here's a health to de next old Missus,
And all de gals dat want to kiss us;

Look away, look away, look away! Dixie Land!
But if you want to drive 'way sorrow,

Come an' hear dis song to-morrow,

Look away, look away, look away! Dixie Land!
Den I wish I was in Dixie, hooray! hooray! *etc.*

Dar's buckwheat cakes an' Ingen batter,
Makes you fat or a little fatter;

Look away, look away, look away! Dixie Land!
Den hoe it down an' scratch your grabble,

To Dixie's land I'm bound to trabble,

Look away, look away, look away! Dixie Land!
Den I wish I was in Dixie, hooray! hooray! *etc.*

Lilliburlero

This song had much to do with the English revolutionary times of 1688. The words were written in ridicule of the papists, and especially of the Irish. The burden "Lero, lero, lilliburlero" probably was written about 1641. The author of the song boasted that he drove James II from the throne with "a few verses and a tune." Laurence Sterne refers to this remarkable tune in "Tristram Shandy." Dr. Charles Mackay ascribes the extraordinary refrain "Lero," to druidical origin. He interpreted it thus: "Li! li! Beur! lear-a! Buille na la!"—"Light! light on the sea beyond the promontory! 'Tis the stroke of the morning." However the song had its origin, it had the most tremendous latter-day significance of any military nonsense song known. Perhaps only the Finnish Hymn *Björneborgarnes March* has stood for so much patriotic madness or belligerence.

Words by LORD WHARTON.

Music by PURCELL.



Ho! bro-der Teague, dost hear de de - cree?



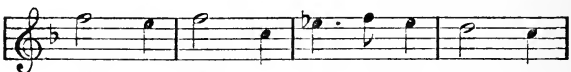
Lil - li - bur - le - ro, bul - len - a - la.



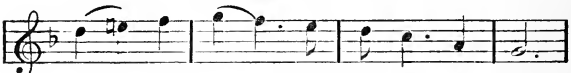
Dat we shall have a new dep - u - tie,



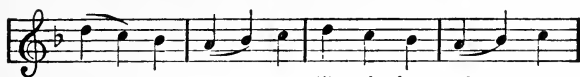
Lil - li - bur - le - ro, bul - len - a - la.



Le - ro, le - ro, lil - li - bur - le - ro,



le - ro, le - ro, bul - len - a - la;



Le - ro, le - ro, lil - li - bur - le - ro,



le - ro, le - ro, bul - len - a - la.

Yankee Doodle

If one wants interesting reading let him look up the bibliography of this extraordinary song. Volumes of literature might be made upon the subject. The original words are preserved in the British Museum. There are fifteen verses in the original. The Hon. Stephen Salisbury said of the song (Oct. 21, 1872), "Yankee Doodle is national property, but it is not a treasure of the highest value. It has some antiquarian claims for which its friends do not care. It cannot be disowned, and it will not be disused. In its own words,

'It suits for feasts, it suits for fun,
And just as well for fighting.'

The word Yankee is supposed to be a corruption of an Indian effort to say 'English' — Yenglees, Yangles, Yanklees — *Yankee*."

Words by Gen. GEORGE P. MORRIS.



Once on a time old John - ny Bull flew
That no el - lec - tions should be held a -



in a rag - ing fu - ry, And swore that Jon - a -
cross the bri - ny wa - ters; "And now," said he, "I'll



than should have no tri - als, sir, by Ju - ry;
tax the tea of all his sons and daugh - ters.



Then down he sate in bur - ly state and
Yan - kee doo - dle — these are facts, —



blust-ered like a gran-dee, And in de - ri-sion
Yan-kee doo-dle dan - dy; My son of wax your



made a tune called "Yan-kee doo - dle dan - dy."
tea I'll tax, you "Yan-kee doo - dle dan - dy."

John sent the tea from o'er the sea with heavy duties
rated,

But whether hyson or bohea I never heard it stated.
Then Jonathan to pout began, — he laid a strong
embargo, —

"I'll drink no tea, by Jove!" so he threw overboard
the cargo.

Then Johnny sent a regiment, big words and looks
to bandy,

Whose martial band, when near the land, played
"Yankee doodle Dandy."

Yankee doodle, keep it up, Yankee doodle dandy,
I'll poison with a tax your cup; you — "Yankee
doodle dandy."

A long war then they had, in which John was at
last defeated,

And "Yankee Doodle" was the march to which his
troops retreated.

'Cute Jonathan, to see them fly, could not restrain
his laughter,

“That tune,” said he, “suits to a T, I'll sing it
ever after.”

Old Johnny's face, to his disgrace, was flushed with
beer and brandy.

E'en when he swore to sing no more this “Yankee
doodle Dandy.”

Yankee doodle, ho, ha, he, Yankee doodle dandy;
We kept the tune but not the tea—Yankee doodle
dandy.

I've told you now the origin of this most lively
ditty,

Which Johnny Bull dislikes as “dull and stupid” —
what a pity!

With “Hail Columbia” it is sung, in chorus full
and hearty,

On land and main we breathe the strain John made
for his tea-party.

No matter how we rhyme the words, the music
speaks them handy,

And where 's the fair can't sing the air of “Yankee
doodle Dandy”?

Yankee doodle, firm and true, Yankee doodle
dandy,

Yankee doodle, doodle, doo, Yankee doodle dandy.

Original Yankee Words

Father and I went down to camp,
Along with Cap'n Goodin',
And there we saw the men and boys
As thick as hasty puddin'.

Yankee Doodle, keep it up,
 Yankee Doodle dandy,
 Mind the music and the step,
 And with the girls be handy.

And there we saw a thousand men
 As rich as squire David,
 And what they wasted every day
 I wish it could be savèd.
 Yankee Doodle, keep it up, *etc.*

The 'lasses they eat every day
 Would keep a house a winter ;
 They have so much, that I 'll be bound
 They eat it when they 've mind ter.
 Yankee Doodle, keep it up, *etc.*

And there I see a swamping gun
 Large as a log of maple,
 Upon a deuced little cart,
 A load for father's cattle.
 Yankee Doodle, keep it up, *etc.*

And every time they shoot it off
 It takes a horn of powder,
 And makes a noise like father's gun,
 Only a nation louder.
 Yankee Doodle, keep it up, *etc.*

I went as nigh to one myself
 As 'Siah's inderpinning ;
 And father went as nigh again,
 I thought the deuce was in him.
 Yankee Doodle, keep it up, *etc.*

Cousin Simon grew so bold,
I thought he would have cocked it;
It scared me so I shrunked it off
And hung by father's pocket.
Yankee Doodle, keep it up, *etc.*

And Cap'n Davis had a gun,
He kind of clapt his hand on 't,
And stuck a crooked stabbing iron
Upon the little end on 't.
Yankee Doodle, keep it up, *etc.*

And there I see a pumpkin shell
As big as mother's bason,
And every time they touched it off
They scampered like the nation.
Yankee Doodle, keep it up, *etc.*

I see a little barrel, too,
The heads were made of leather;
They knocked on it with little clubs
And called the folks together.
Yankee Doodle, keep it up, *etc.*

And there was Cap'n Washington,
And gentle folks about him;
They say he 's grown so 'tarnal proud
He will not ride without 'em.
Yankee Doodle, keep it up, *etc.*

He got him on his meeting clothes
Upon a slapping stallion;
He sat the world along in rows,
In hundreds and in millions.
Yankee Doodle, keep it up, *etc.*

The flaming ribbons in his hat,
 They looked so tearing fine, ah,
 I wanted dreadfully to get
 To give to my Jemima.
 Yankee Doodle, keep it up, *etc.*

I see another snarl of men
 A digging graves they told me,
 So 'tarnal long, so 'tarnal deep,
 They 'tended they should hold me.
 Yankee Doodle, keep it up, *etc.*

It scared me so, I hooked it off,
 Nor stopped, as I remember,
 Nor turned about till I got home,
 Locked up in mother's chamber.
 Yankee Doodle, keep it up, *etc.*

Song Of The Bagpipers

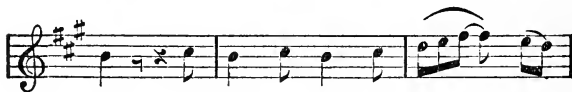
Translator, Dr. THEO. BAKER.

Neapolitan.

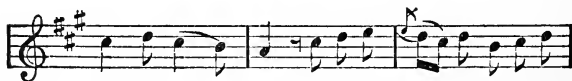
p Allegretto moderato.



When Christ our Lord was born at Beth - le - hem a -



far, Al - tho' 't was night there shone as



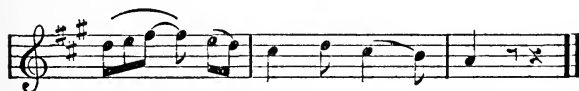
bright as noon a star; Nev-er so bright-ly, Nev-er so



white-ly, Shone the stars as on that night! The



bright - est star went A - way to call the



Wise Men from the O - ri - ent.

Copyright, G. Schirmer.

There were no foes on earth, or warfare blazing,
Beside the lion then the sheep was grazing,
Safe by the leopard
Wandered the shepherd,
With the bear the calf did play;
The wolf so savage
Would not the tender lamb molest or ravage.

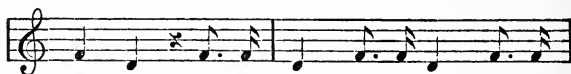
While shepherds in the fields their flocks were
tending,
A shining angel came from heav'n descending;
When he beheld them,
Straightway he told them:
"Hear my voice, be not afraid!
Be glad, rejoice now,
For earth has all become like Paradise now!"

The Blacksmith

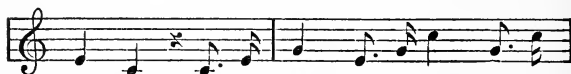
MOZART.



Oh! the black - smith's a fine sturd - y



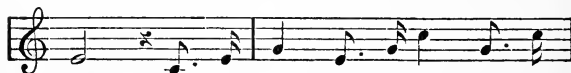
fel - low, Hard his hand, but his heart's true and



mel - low; See him stand there, his huge bel-lows



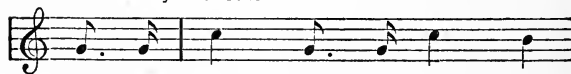
blow - ing, With his strong braw - ny arms free and



bare. See the fire in the fur - nace a -



glow - ing, Bright its spar - kle and flash, loud its roar.

Chorus — by H. O. UPTON.

While the smith high his ham - mer's



a - swinging, Fi - ery sparks fall in show'rs all a -

round, And the sledge on the an - vil a -
ring - ing Fills the air with its loud clang - ing sound.

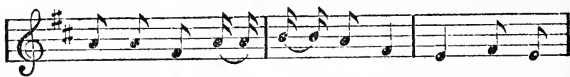
Blow the fire, stir the coals, heaping more on,
Till the iron 's all aglow, let it roar on!
While the smith high his hammer 's a-swinging,
Fiery sparks fall in showers all around,
And the sledge on the anvil is ringing,
Fills the air with its loud clanging sound.
While the smith, *etc.*

Let the blows, strong and sure, quickly falling,
Haste the work, for the iron fast is cooling;
Oh, the smith, he 's a fine sturdy fellow,
Bravely working from morning till night;
Hard his hand, but his heart 's true and mellow,
Like his anvil, he stands for the right.
While the smith, *etc.*

De Camptown Races

STEPHEN C. FOSTER.

De Camp - town la - dies
Sing dis song, Doo - dah! doo - dah! De



Camp-town race track five mile long, Oh! doo-dah -



day! I come down dar wid my hat caved in,



Doo-dah! doo-dah! I go back home wid a



pock-et full of tin, Oh! doo-dah - day!

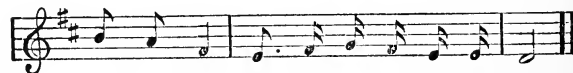
Chorus.



Gwine to run all night! Gwine to run all



day! I'll bet my mon-ey on de



bob - tail nag, Some - bod - y bet on de bay.

De long-tail filly, and de big black hoss —
Doo-dah! doo-dah!
Dey fly de track, and dey both cut cross —
Oh! doo-dah-day!
De blind hoss stickin' in a big mud-hole —
Doo-dah! doo-dah!
He can't touch bottom wid a ten-foot pole —
Oh! doo-dah-day!
Gwine to run all night, *etc.*

Ole muley cow come on to de track —
Doo-dah! doo-dah!
De bobtail fling her ober his back —
Oh! doo-dah-day!
Den fly along like a railroad car —
Doo-dah! doo-dah!
A runnin' a race wid a shootin' star —
Oh! doo-dah-day!
Gwine to run all night, *etc.*

See dem flyin' on a ten-mile heat —
Doo-dah! doo-dah!
Round de race-track, den repeat —
Oh! doo-dah-day!
I win my money on de bobtail nag —
Doo-dah! doo-dah!
I keep my money in an ole tow bag —
Oh! doo-dah-day!
Gwine to run all night, *etc.*

Evening Song

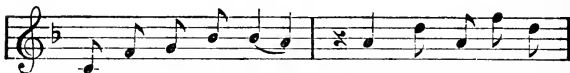
SCHUMANN.

p Andante.

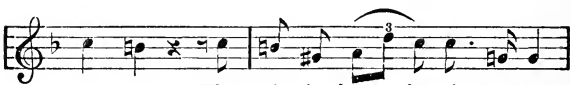
Now reigns deep si - lence o - ver hill and plain.



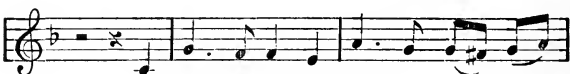
The wea - ry world is



fast in slum-ber lain, While through the trees soft



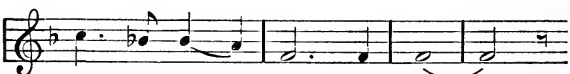
mur - murs The ev'n - ing breeze, the ev'n - ing breeze.




To thee too may re - pose re - lief im-




part, . . . re - lief im - part. Now, now



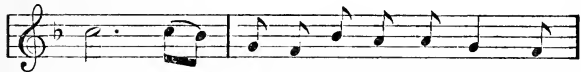
sleep thou too, . . . sleep thou too, . . .




My wea - ry, wea - ry heart. Soft



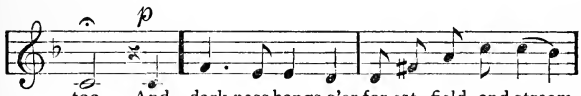
moves the breeze thro' the trees, Oh, sleep, oh,



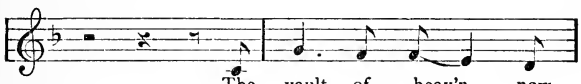
sleep, Since day to rest with-drew, day with-



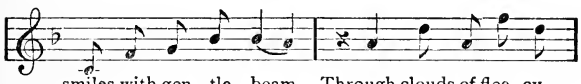
drew, . . day with - drew, *pp* Now, sleep thou



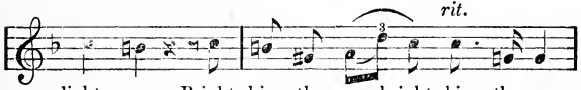
too. *p* And dark-ness hangs o'er for-est, field, and stream.



The vault of heav'n now



smiles with gen - tle beam Through clouds of flee - cy



light - ness. *rit.* Bright shines the moon, bright shines the moon.

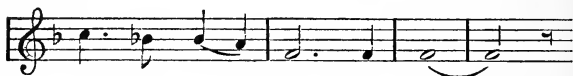
158 *Songs That Every Child Should Know*



To thee too may re - pose re - lief im -



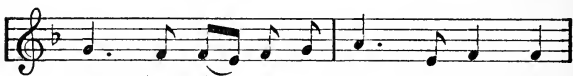
part, . . . re - lief im - part. Now, now



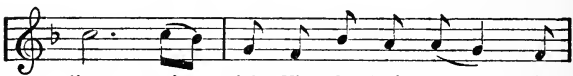
sleep thou too, sleep thou too, . . .



My wea - ry, wea - ry heart. Let



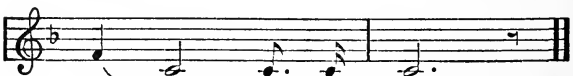
moon - light be sweet to thee. The earth re -



clines in night, The sky sheds watch - ful



light, . . . So good - night, So good -



night, . . . so good night!

Everything's Gone

Translator, CHAPMAN.

German Folk-song (1790).

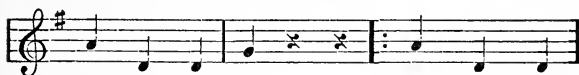
Leggiero.



Oh, my dear old Au - gus - tin, Au - gus - tin,



Au - gus - tin, Oh, my dear old Au - gus - tin,



I've been taken in! Mon - ey's gone,



girl is gone, All is gone, All is gone! Oh, my



dear old Au - gus - tin, Ev - 'ry-thing's gone!

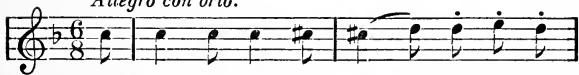
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The Fishermen's Song

Dr. THEO. BAKER.

Neapolitan.

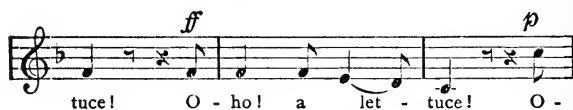
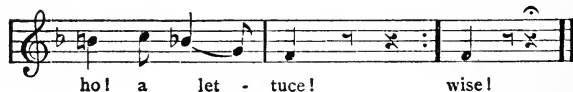
Allegro con brio.



There grows be-neath the o - cean, Mi - che - lem -



mà, eh! mi-che-lem - mà! There grows be-neath the

Refrain.*Last stanza.*

Copyright, G. Schirmer.

The Turks all wander thither,
 Michelemmà! Michelemmà!
 To take a rest there,
 Michelemmà! Michelemmà!

Some hold it by the head, oh!
 Michelemmà! Michelemmà!
 Some hold the stalk, oh!
 Michelemmà! Michelemmà!

He always will be happy,
 Michelemmà! Michelemmà!
 Who wins this maiden.
 Michelemmà! Michelemmà!

This girl, who is the daughter
Michelemmà! Michelemmà!
Of yonder notary.
Michelemmà! Michelemmà!

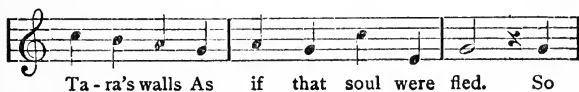
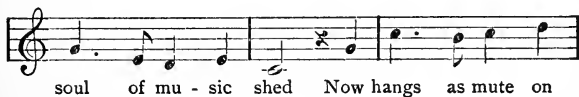
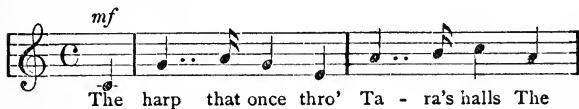
And wears Diana's star, too,
Michelemmà! Michelemmà!
Upon her bosom.
Michelemmà! Michelemmà!

Her lovers all are dying,
Michelemmà! Michelemmà!
Are dying pairwise!
Michelemmà! Michelemmà!

The Harp That Once Thro' Tara's Halls

It was at the palace upon Tara's hill that the Irish kings met to make laws and to hold great annual festivals. It was of the harp within the palace that Moore sang thus plaintively.

THOMAS MOORE.



sleeps the pride of form - er days, So glo - ry's
 thrill is o'er, And hearts that once beat
 high for praise Now feel that pulse no more.

No more to chiefs and ladies bright
 The harp of Tara swells;
 The chord alone that breaks at night,
 Its tale of ruin tells.
 Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes,
 The only throb she gives
 Is when some heart indignant breaks,
 To show that still she lives.

The Huntsman's Farewell

Words by JOSEPH VON EICHENDORFF (1837).

Music by MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY (1840).

Alla marcia.

State - ly wood, how dost thou spring in - to
 arch - es high up - rais - ed? Shall thy

Songs That Every Child Should Know 163

Mak - er not be prais - ed While my
 voice has pow'r to sing? not be
 prais - ed while my voice has pow'r to sing? Fare thee
 well! Fare thee well! Fare thee well! Fare thee
 well! Fare thee well, fare thee well, Thou
 state - ly wood! Fare thee well, fare thee
 well, thou state - ly wood!

The musical score is written on a single treble clef staff with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). The tempo and dynamics are marked with *sf* (sforzando), *f* (forte), *pp* (pianissimo), *cres.* (crescendo), and *dim.* (diminuendo). The lyrics are placed below the notes, with some words hyphenated across lines. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

Copyright, G. Schirmer.

Far above the haunts of men,
 Here the roe in quiet grazes
 Till his horn the || : hunter raises,
 And the echoes ring again. :||
 || : Fare thee well, thou stately wood! :||

What we honor here to-day,
 When we leave it we shall cherish;
 May the ancient ||: woods not perish
 Till the last song dies away. :||
 ||: Fare thee well! Fare thee well! :||
 God protect thee, stately wood!
 Fare thee well! God protect thee, lovely
 wood!

The Landlady's Daughter

Words by LUDWIG UHLAND (1809). *German Folk-tune* (1820).

Translator, CHAPMAN.

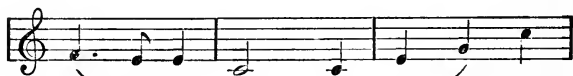
Adagio non troppo.



Three jol - ly good fel - lows came o - ver the



Rhine, And there they turn'd in at a



tav - ern to dine, and there they turn'd



in at a tav - ern to dine.

“Ho! Mistress, how goes it for ale and wine?
||: And where’s that pretty wench of thine?” :||

“My wine is good, my ale is clear,
||: My daughter is lying upon her bier.” :||

Then to the chamber she led them back,
||: And there she lay in her coffin black. :||

The first one he threw the shroud aside,
||: And said, as he gazed at her, sad-eyed, :||

“My beauty, and wert thou not dead and gone,
||: I swear I should love thee from this day on.” :||

The second, he covered the maiden’s face,
||: And turned him away and wept a space. :||

“That thou art lying upon thy bier,
||: When I have loved thee this many a year!” :||

The third again threw off her veil,
||: And kissed her lips that were dead and pale :||

“I always loved thee, I love thee still,
||: Forever and ever I always will.” :||

'T s The Last Rose Of Summer

This melody adapted by Tom Moore to his own uses was an ancient Irish melody and first became famous through its introduction into the opera of *Martha*—being sung by Christine Nilsson. Berlioz said of it, "the Irish melody served to disinfect the rottenness of the *Martha* music." But then, Berlioz and Flotow were not friends. The melody probably had its origin about 1660.

Words by THOMAS MOORE.

Tune, *Groves of Blarney.*

mf Andante sostenuto.



'T is the last rose of sum - mer, Left



bloom - ing a - lone; All her love - ly com -



pan - ions Are fa - ded and gone; No



flow'r of her kin - dred, No rose - bud is



nigh To re - flect back her



blush - es, Or give sigh for sigh.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one,
To pine on the stem;
Since the lovely are sleeping,
Go, sleep thou with them;
Thus kindly I scatter
Thy leaves o'er the bed
Where thy mates of the garden
Lie senseless and dead.

So soon may *I* follow,
When friendships decay,
And from love's shining circle
The gems drop away!
When true hearts lie wither'd,
And fond ones are flown,
Oh! who would inhabit
This bleak world alone?

Let The Toast Pass

The words doubtless came from Sheridan, and in all probability Sheridan's father-in-law, Thomas Linley, composed the music; but it would be difficult to establish the inference as a fact.

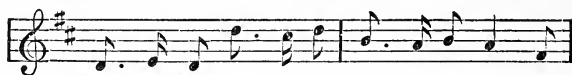
From SHERIDAN'S Comedy of *The School for Scandal*.



Here 's to the maid - en of bash-ful fif - teen :



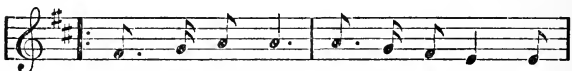
Now to the wid - ow of fif - - - ty ;



Here's to the flaunt - ing, ex - trav - a-gant quean, And



here's to the house - wife that's thrif - - ty.



Let the toast pass, Drink to the lass, I'll



war - rant she'll prove an ex - cuse for the glass.

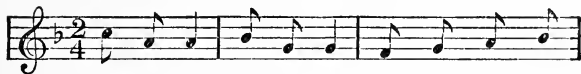
Here's to the charmer whose dimples we prize,
 Now to the damsel with none, Sir,
 Here's to the girl with a pair of blue eyes,
 Here's to the nymph with but one, Sir.
 Let the toast pass, *etc.*

Here's to the maid with a bosom of snow,
 Now to her that's as brown as a berry,
 Here's to the wife with a face full of woe,
 And now to the damsel that's merry.
 Let the toast pass, *etc.*

For let her be clumsy, or let her be slim,
 Young or ancient, I care not a feather;
 So fill a pint bumper, nay, fill to the brim,
 And let us e'en toast 'em together.
 Let the toast pass, *etc.*

Lightly Row

Spanish Melody.



Light-ly row, light-ly row, O'er the glass - y



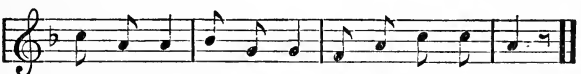
waves we go; Smooth-ly glide, smooth-ly glide,



On the si - lent tide. Let the winds and



wat - ers be Ming - led with our mel - o - dy;



Sing and float, sing and float, In our lit - tle boat.

Far away! far away!
Echo in the rock at play,
Calleth not, calleth not,
To this lonely spot.
Only with the sea-bird's note,
Shall our dying music float!
Lightly row! lightly row!
Echo's voice is low.

The Linden Tree

FR. SCHUBERT.

Moderato.

Be - yond the cit - y gate - way There
stands a lin - den tree, And oft - en in its
shad - ows Sweet dreams have come to me. Its
bark I have en - grav - en With many a
lov - ing name, For aye in love or
long - ing 'T was there I ev - er came.

To-day I had to pass it,
'T was very late at night,
And even in the darkness
I shut my eyelids tight;
I heard its branches rustle
These words to me addressed:
"Come here to me, old comrade,
Come here and be at rest."

The wind was cold and bitter,
And blowing in my face,
Away my hat went soaring,
I did n't give it chase.
Now though they are behind me
Full many a weary mile,
I hear the branches rustle:
"Come here and rest awhile."

The Loreley

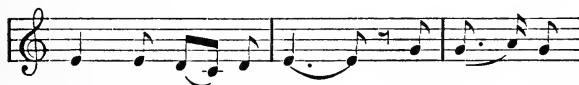
Words by HEINE (1822).

Music by SILCHER (1837).

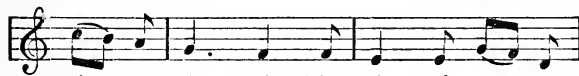
Andante.



Oh, tell me what it mean - eth, This



gloom and tear - ful eye? . . . 'Tis mem - o - ry



that re - tain - eth The tale of years gone



by; . . The fad - ing light grows dim - mer,



The Rhein doth calm - ly flow! The

lof - ty hill - tops glim - - mer Red
with the sun - set glow.

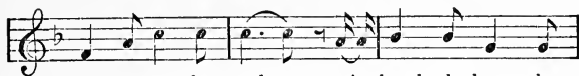
Above, the maiden sitteth,
A wondrous form and fair;
With jewels bright she plaiteth
Her shining golden hair;
With comb of gold prepares it,
The task with song beguiled;
A fitful burden bears it —
That melody so wild.

The boatman on the river
Lists to the song, spellbound;
Oh! what shall him deliver
From danger threat'ning round?
The waters they have caught them,
Both boat and boatman brave,
'Tis Loreley's song that brought them
Beneath the foaming wave.

The Low-Backed Car

SAMUEL LOVER.

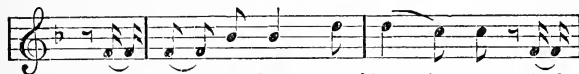
When first I saw sweet Peg - gy, 'T was



on a mar - ket day. A low-backed car she



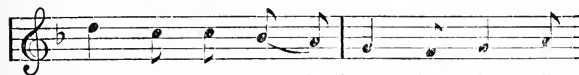
drove, and sat Up - on a truss of hay.



But when that hay was bloom - ing grass, And



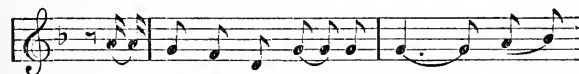
decked with flow'rs of spring, No flow'r was there that



could com - pare with the bloom - ing girl I



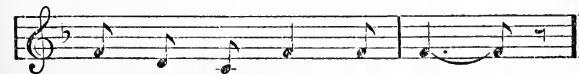
sing. As she sat in the low - backed car,



The man at the turn-pike bar Nev - er



asked for the toll, But just rubbed his auld poll, And look'd



af - ter the low - backed car.

In battle's wild commotion
The proud and mighty Mars
With hostile scythes demands his tithes
Of death, in warlike cars;
While Peggy, peaceful goddess,
Has darts in her bright eye
That knock men down in the market town,
As right and left they fly,
While she sits in a low-backed car; —
Than battles more dangerous far —
For the doctor's art
Cannot cure the heart
That is hit from the low-backed car.

Sweet Peggy round her car, sir,
Has strings of ducks and geese,
But the scores of hearts she slaughters, sir,
By far outnumber these;
While she among her poultry sits,
Just like a turtle-dove,
Well worth the cage, I do engage,
Of the blooming god of Love.
While she sits in her low-backed car,
The lovers come near and far,
And envy the chicken
That Peggy is pickin'
As she sits in the low-backed car.

I'd rather own that car, sir,
With Peggy by my side,
Than a coach and four and gold galore,
And a lady for my bride;

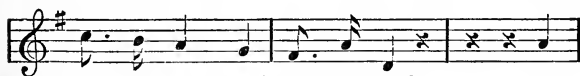
For the lady would sit forninst me,
 On a cushion made with taste,
 While Peggy would sit beside me,
 With my arm around her waist,
 As we drove in a low-backed car,
 To be married by Father Mahar,
 Oh! my heart would beat high
 At her glance and her sigh,
 Though it beat in a low-backed car.

The Man Of His Word

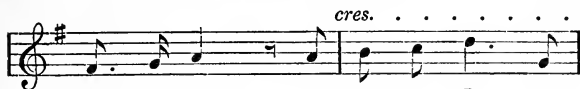
BEETHOVEN.



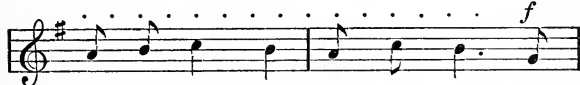
You prom - ised, friend, I plain - ly heard, You'd



come back here — such was your word. You



did not come, and now say I, On



men like you can one re - ly? On



men like you can one re - ly?

“The word’s the man,” thus nobly spake
 Our sires, and ne’er their trust would break;
 Like any oath, a German’s hand,
 A German’s grasp could faith command,
 A German’s grasp could faith command.

If once his word the German gave,
 No bribe nor terror of the grave,
 Not woman’s smile, not tyrant’s might,
 Could move him from the path of right,
 Could move him from the path of right.

The truth that made our fathers great
 Their sons should strive to imitate;
 Come, take my hand, give yours to me.
 True Germans we will ever be,
 True Germans we will ever be.

Mistletoe Bough

This song is doubtless founded upon fact, and while three noble families have laid claim to the legend as having its origin with them, nobody seems satisfactorily to have settled the matter. There is considerable proof offered on the part of each.

Words by HAYNES BAYLY.

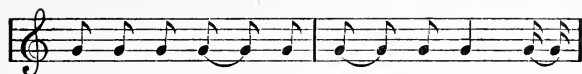
Music by H. R. BISHOP.



The mis-tle-toe hung in the cas - tle hall ; The



hol - ly branch shone on the old oak wall ; And the



ba - ron's re - tain - ers were blithe and gay, And



keep - ing their Christ - mas ho - ly - day. The



ba - ron be - held, with a fa - ther's pride, His



beau - ti - ful child, young Lov - ell's bride; While



she with her bright eyes seem'd to be The



star of the good - ly com - pa - ny.

ad lib.



Oh! the mis - tle - toe bough!



Oh! the mis - tle - toe bough!

“ I ’m weary of dancing now,” she cried ;
“ Here, tarry a moment, I ’ll hide, I ’ll hide !
And, Lovell, be sure thou’rt the first to trace
The clew to my secret lurking-place.”
Away she ran, and her friends began
Each tower to search, and each nook to scan ;
And young Lovell cried, “ Oh! where dost thou
hide?
I ’m lonesome without thee, my own dear bride.”
Oh! the mistletoe bough! Oh! the mistletoe
bough!

They sought her that night, and they sought her
next day ;
And they sought her in vain when a week passed
away.
In the highest, the lowest, the loneliest spot
Young Lovell sought wildly, but found her not.
And years flew by, and their grief at last
Was told as a sorrowful tale long past ;
And when Lovell appeared the children cried,
“ See! the old man weeps for his fairy bride.”
Oh! the mistletoe bough! Oh! the mistletoe
bough!

At length an oak chest that had long lain hid
Was found in the castle ; they raised the lid,
And a skeleton form lay mouldering there,
In the bridal wreath of the lady fair !
Oh! sad was her fate ; in sportive jest
She hid from her lord in the old oak chest.

It closed with a spring, and her bridal bloom
Lay withering there in a living tomb.

Oh! the mistletoe bough! Oh! the mistletoe
bough!

The Musical Master Charley

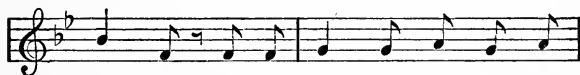
Translator, Dr. THEO. BAKER.

Roman.

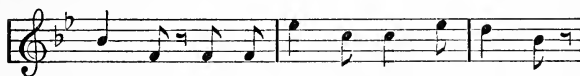
p *Allegro moderato.*



Mas - ter Char - ley of Hol - land was



stray - ing. On the street a band was a-



play - ing. Now, he loves good mu - sic dear - ly,



When the tune goes loud and clear-ly: D zoo na, na,



na! dzoo na, na, na! Here is the



band as it pass - es, hur - rah!

While so sweetly the harmonies twined them,
 Master Charley followed behind them;
 Now the People's Gate he reaches,
 And he takes a reef in his breeches.

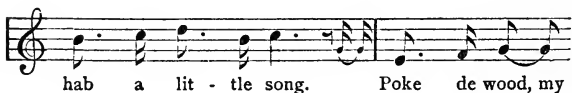
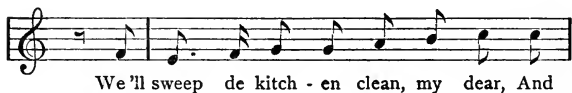
See him look here! see him look there!
 Oh, what a beautiful, beautiful square!

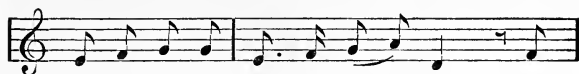
Soon the Palace of Fiani he's sighting,
 And he meets the doggies a-fighting,
 And he runs in such a flutter
 That he stumbles in the gutter,
 Crying for help! Oh, his fine togs!
 Into the gutter he's thrown by the dogs!

Nelly Bly

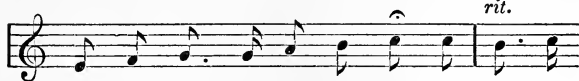
This is one of those pseudo "negro songs" which attained great popularity about 1860. It is representative of the American street song of that time.

STEPHEN C. FOSTER.





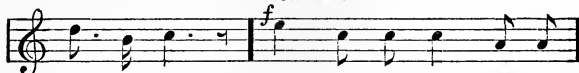
lad - y lub, and make de fire burn, And



while I take de ban - jo down, Just gib de

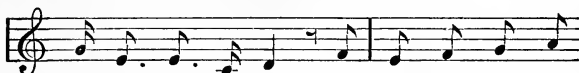
rit.

Chorus.



mush a turn. Heigh! Nel - ly, Ho! Nel - ly,

f



lis - ten, lub, to me. I'll sing for you, play



for you, a dul - cem mel - o - dy.



Heigh! Nel - ly, Ho! Nel - ly, lis - ten, lub, to me,



I'll sing for you, play for you, a

rit.



dul - cem mel - o - dy.

Nelly Bly hab a voice like a turtle-dove,
 I hears it in de meadow, and I hears it in de grove;
 Nelly Bly hab a heart warm as a cup ob tea,
 And bigger dan de sweet-potato down in Tennessee.
 Heigh! Nelly, ho! Nelly, *etc.*

Nelly Bly shuts her eye when she goes to sleep,
 When she wakens up again her eyes begin to peep;
 De way she walks, she lifts her foot, and den she
 brings it down,
 And when it lights, der 's music dah, in dat part ob
 de town.
 Heigh! Nelly, ho! Nelly, *etc.*

Nelly Bly, Nelly Bly! nebber, nebber sigh,
 Nebber bring de tear-drop to de corner ob your eye;
 For de pie is made ob punkins, and de mush is made
 ob corn,
 Der 's corn and punkins, *plenty*, lub, lying in de
 barn.
 Heigh! Nelly, ho! Nelly, *etc.*

O Lord! Correct Me

Words by J. S. DWIGHT.

Music by HÄNDEL.

Larghetto.

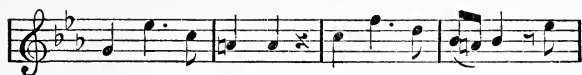


O Lord! cor - rect me, not in Thine an - ger;

FINE.



Have mer - cy on me, and blot out all my sins,



have mer-cy on me, have mer-cy on me, and

D. C. al Fins.



blot out all my sins. O wash me th'rough-ly



from mine in - i-qui - ty and cast me



not a-way, a - way from Thy pres - ence ;



Take not Thy Ho-ly Spi-rit, Thy Spi-rit from me.



O Lord! cor-rect me, not in Thine an-ger ;



have mer - cy on me, and blot out all my sins.

Peace

FR. SCHUBERT.

*First and second stanzas.**Andante.*

Thou art sweet Peace and tran - quil rest,



I long for thee to soothe my breast;



I ded - i - cate, 'mid joys and sighs,



Thy dwell - ing in my heart and eyes,

Third stanza.

my heart and eyes. Let thy pure light My



glance con - trol With lus - tre bright. . . .



Fill thou my soul. Fill thou my



soul. . . . Let thy pure light My glance con -



trol With lus - tre bright. . . .



Fill thou my soul. Fill thou my soul.

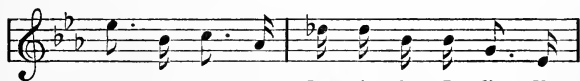
Second stanza.

Come, then, to me, and close the door,
 And never, never leave me more;
 Chase ev'ry pain from out this breast,
 Calming this heart to joyful rest,
 To joyful rest.

Roll, Jordan, Roll



Roll, Jor-dan, roll, roll, Jor-dan, roll, I



want to go to Hea-v'n when I die, To



hear Jor-dan roll. Oh, broth-ers, you ought t'have
 Oh, preach-ers, you ought t'have
 Oh, sin-ners, you ought t'have
 Oh, mourn-ers, you ought t'have
 Oh, seek-ers, you ought t'have
 Oh, moth-ers, you ought t'have
 Oh, chil-dren, you ought t'have



been there! Yes, my Lord! A sit-ting
 been there!
 been there!
 been there!
 been there!
 been there!
 been there!



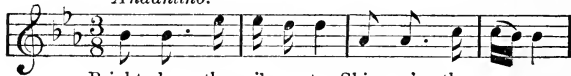
in the King-dom, to hear Jor-dan roll. D.C.

Santa Lucia

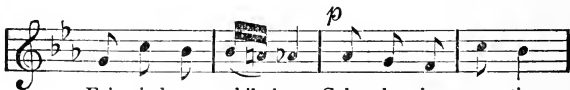
Translator, Dr. THEO. BAKER.

Neapolitan.

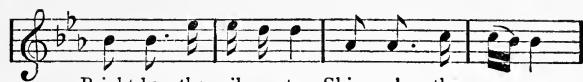
Andantino.



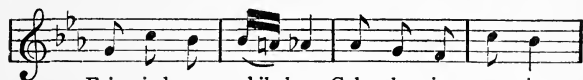
Bright ly the sil-ver star Shines o'er the o-cean,



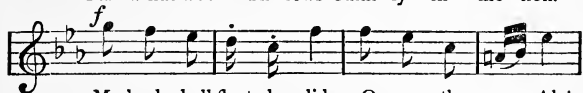
Fair winds woo bil-lows Calm-ly in mo-tion.



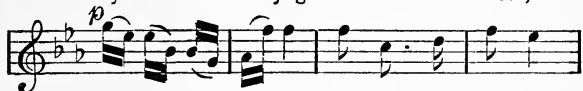
Bright-ly the sil-ver star Shines o'er the o - cean,



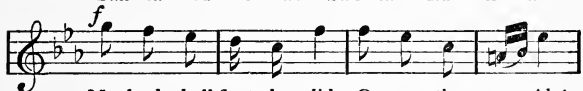
Fair winds woo bil - lows Calm - ly in mo - tion.



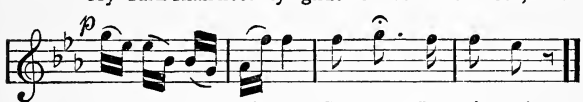
My bark shall fleet - ly glide O - ver the sea, Ah!



San - ta Lu - ci - a! San - ta Lu - ci - a!



My bark shall fleet - ly glide O - ver the sea, Ah!

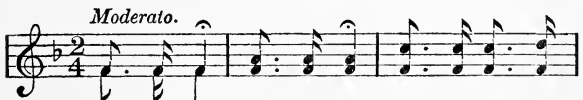


San - ta Lu - ci - a, San - ta Lu - ci - a!

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Steal Away

This is an old slave hymn, and both words and tune are exceptional examples of negro mind and mood. The song is worthy of analysis and study.



Steal a - way, Steal a - way, steal a - way to

Je - sus. Steal a - way, steal a-way home; I've

rit. not got long to stay here. **FINE.** *f*

1. My Lord
2. Green trees are
3. My Lord

calls me, He calls me by the thun-der;
 bend-ing, Poor sin - ners stand trem-bling;
 calls me, He calls me by the light-ning; } The

trum - pet sounds it in my soul; I've

D.C. al fine.

not got long to stay here.

Three Horsemen

Words as early as sixteenth century.

TUNE (1776).

Translator, CHAPMAN.

f Andante con moto.

Three horse-men went rid-ing all out of the town, A-



de! A lass from the win-dow a-bove look'd down,



A - de! . . . And if it is part - ed that



we must be, Then give your lit - tle gold



ring to me! A - de! a - de! a - gain! This



start - ing and part - ing are pain. . . .

Copyright, G. Schirmer.

The one that doth part us is Death, I trow,

Ade!

And many red lips has he parted ere now;

Ade!

He's parted full many a man and wife

Who might have lived happily all their life.

Ade, ade, again!

This starting and parting are pain.

He'll part you the child from its cradle, 't is said,
Ade!

Now, when shall I find me my nut-brown maid?
Ade!

And if not to-morrow, then be it to-day,
'T will make us both happy, and come when it may.
Ade, ade, again!

This starting and parting are pain.

Tom Bowling

The subject of this song was Tom Dibdin, who was a sailor and the author's beloved brother.

CHARLES DIBDIN.

Andante.



Here, a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bowl-ing, The



dar-ling of our crew; No more he'll hear the



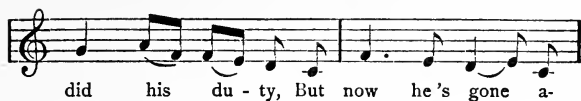
tem-pest howl-ing, For death has broach'd him too. His



form was of the man-li-est beau-ty, His



heart was kind and soft; Faith-ful be-low, he



Tom never from his word departed,
His virtues were so rare,
His friends were many and true-hearted,
His Poll was kind and fair ;
And then he 'd sing so blithe and jolly,
Ah! many 's the time, and oft,
But mirth is turn'd to melancholy,
For Tom has gone aloft.

Yet shall poor Tom find pleasant weather
When He, who all commands,
Shall give, to call life's crew together,
The word to pipe all hands.
Thus death, who kings and tars despatches,
In vain Tom's life hath doff'd,
For though his body 's under hatches,
His soul has gone aloft.

The Vicar Of Bray

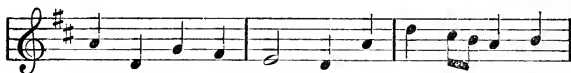
The hero of this song was a real Vicar of Bray, who, when reproached for his variability, answered, "Not so, neither; for if I changed my religion, I am sure I kept true to my principle, which is to live and die the Vicar of Bray!" At about that time, too constant vicars were being burned at the stake, thus the hero of this song at least had the better part of valor to commend him. Words were written about 1720 by an officer in Colonel Fuller's regiment.

Air, The Country Garden.

Con spirito.



In good King Charles's gold - en days, When



loy - al - ty no harm meant, A zeal - ous high-church-



man was I, And so I got pre - fer - ment. To



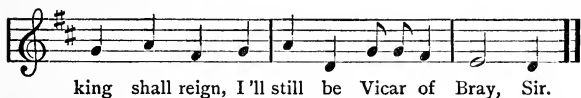
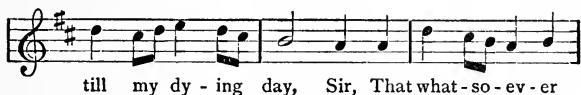
teach my flock I nev - er miss'd, Kings



were by God ap - point - ed, And lost all those that



dare re - sist, Or touch the Lord's a - noint - ed. And



When royal James possess'd the crown,
And Popery came in fashion,
The penal laws I hooted down
And read the Declaration:
The Church of Rome I found would fit
Full well my constitution;
And I had been a Jesuit
But for the Revolution.
And this is law, *etc.*

When William was our king declar'd,
To ease the nation's grievance,
With this new wind about I steer'd,
And swore to him allegiance.
Old principles I did revoke,
Set conscience at a distance;
Passive obedience was a joke,
A jest was non-resistance.
And this is law, *etc.*

When royal Anne became our queen,
 The Church of England's glory,
 Another face of things was seen,
 And I became a Tory.
 Occasional conformists base,
 I blam'd their moderation,
 And thought the Church in danger was,
 By such prevarication.
 And this is law, *etc.*

When George in pudding-time came o'er,
 And moderate men look'd big, Sir,
 My principles I chang'd once more,
 And so became a Whig, Sir;
 And thus preferment I procured
 From our new faith's defender,
 And almost every day abjur'd
 The Pope and the Pretender.
 And this is law, *etc.*

Th' illustrious house of Hanover,
 And Protestant succession,
 To them I do allegiance swear —
 While they can hold possession;
 For in my faith and loyalty
 I never more will falter,
 And George my lawful king shall be —
 Until the times do alter.
 And this is law, *etc.*

The Voice Of One We Love

Leeks and onions were not only placed in the sacred chests of Egypt, but they were honored elsewhere as vegetables of utility. This song originally celebrated the leek, and is sung at most Welsh festivals.

Words by Professor ROWLANDS. Tune *Dydd Gwl Dewi* (649).

The musical score is written on six staves of music in G major (one sharp) and common time. The melody is simple and folk-like. The lyrics are printed below the notes, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across notes. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

'Tis sweet to wake in June To the
 sky - lark's mat - in lay, To hear the thrush at
 noon Pour - ing mu - sic from the spray;
 At eve to lend, to lend our ear To the
 woo - ing of the dove; But nought so sweet, so
 sweet and clear As the voice of one we love.

Although, when the years are flown,
 A change of scene or lot
 Each other cherished tone
 From our memory may blot,
 A sound, a sound there is that yet,
 Whatever change we prove,
 We never, never can forget, —
 'Tis the voice of one we love.

Wait For The Wagon

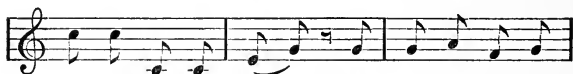
Will you come with me, my Phil - lis dear, to



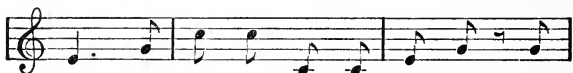
yon blue moun-tain free, Where the blos-soms smell the



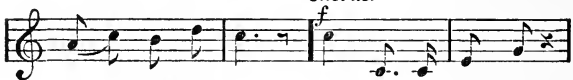
sweet - est, come, rove a - long with me. It's



ev - 'ry Sun-day morn-ing, when I am by your



side, We'll jump in - to the wag - on, and

Chorus.

all take a ride. Wait for the wag - on,



Wait for the wag - on, Wait for the



wag - on, And we'll all take a ride.

Where the river runs like silver, and the birds sing
so sweet,

I have a cabin, Phillis, and something good to eat.
Come, listen to my story, it will relieve my heart,
So jump into my wagon, and off we will start.

Wait for the wagon, *etc.*

Do you believe, my Phillis, dear, old Mike with all
his wealth,

Can make you half so happy as I, with youth and
health?

We'll have a little farm, — a horse, a pig, a cow,
And you shall mind the dairy, while I do guide the
plough.

Wait for the wagon, *etc.*

Your lips are red as poppies, your hair so smooth
and neat,

All braided up with dahlias and hollyhocks so sweet;
It's every Sunday morning, when I am by your side,
We'll jump into the wagon, and all take a ride.

Wait for the wagon, *etc.*

Together on life's journey we'll travel till we stop,
And if we have no trouble we'll reach the happy
top.

Then come with me, sweet Phillis, my dear, my
lovely bride,

We'll jump into the wagon and all take a ride.

Wait for the wagon, *etc.*

Refrain Of The Washerwomen Of Vomero

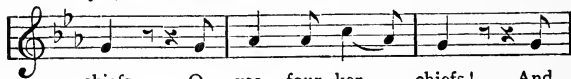
Translator, Dr. THEO. BAKER.

*Neapolitan.**Moderato.*

You prom - is'd me four ker - - - chiefs,



yes, four ker - chiefs, O yes, four ker -



chiefs, O yes, four ker - chiefs! And



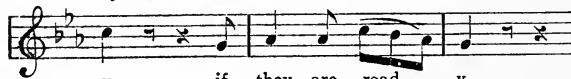
I have come to see, and I have come to



see if they are read - y, if



they are read - y, if they are read-



y, if they are read - y,



if they are read - - y!

Copyright, G. Schirmer.

And if there are not four, why, give me two, then;
The one is not your own that you are wearing.

And I have come to see, *etc.*

The Wild-Rose

FR. SCHUBERT.

Con tenerezza.

Once a boy a wild-rose spied In the hedge-row
grow - ing; Fresh in all her youth - ful pride,
When her beau - ties he de - scribed, Joy in his
heart was glow - ing. Lit - tle wild - rose,
wild - rose red, In the hedge-row grow - ing.

Said the boy, "I'll gather thee,
In the hedgerow growing!"
Said the rose, "Then I'll pierce thee,
That thou may'st remember me,
Thus reproof bestowing."
Little wild-rose, wild-rose red,
In the hedgerow growing.

Thoughtlessly he pulled the rose,
In the hedgerow growing;
But her thorns their spears oppose,
Vainly he laments his woes,
With pain his hand is glowing.
Little wild-rose, wild-rose red,
In the hedgerow growing.

Come Unto These Yellow Sands*The Tempest.*

J. BANISTER (1630-1679).

Andante. *p*

Come un-to these yel-low sands, And then take hands:

mf *p*

Court-sied when you have and kiss'd (The wild waves whist).

Animato.
cres.

Foot it feat-ly here and there; And, sweet sprites the

f *p*

bur-then bear. Hark, hark! Bow-wow. The watch-dogs

f

bark. Bow-wow. Hark, hark! I hear the strain of

rall.

strut-ting chan-ti-cleer Cry, Cock-a-did-dle-dow.

Full Fathom Five

The Tempest.

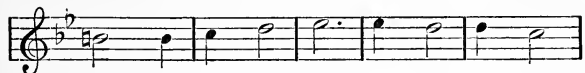
J. BANISTER (1630-1679).



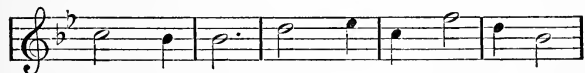
Full fath - om five thy fa - ther lies.



Of his bones are cor - al made. Those are



pearls that were his eyes, Noth - ing of him



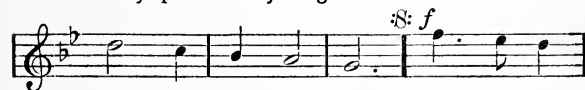
that doth fade, But doth suf - fer a sea-



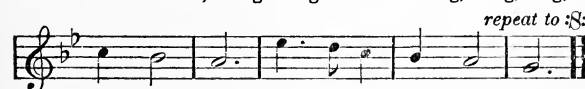
change In - to some - thing rich and strange.



Sea-nymphs hour - ly ring his knell: Hark! now I



hear them, Ding-dong bell. Ding, ding, ding,



ding - dong bell, Ding, ding, ding, ding-dong bell.

It Was A Lover And His Lass

As You Like It.

THOMAS MORLEY (1600).

p *Fast.* *cres.*

It was a lov - er and his lass, With a

f

hey, and a ho, and a hey no - ni -

p

no, and a hey no - ni - no - ni - no.

cres.

That o'er the green corn-field did pass in the

f

spring time, the spring time; In spring time, the

p *cres.*

on - ly pret - ty ring time. When birds do sing, hey

f

ding a ding - ding, hey ding a ding - ding, hey

ding a ding - ding, Sweet lov - ers love the
cres. spring. In spring time, In spring time, the on-
f ly pret - ty ring time, When birds do sing, hey
p ding a ding - ding, hey ding a ding - ding, hey
cres. ding a ding - ding, Sweet lov - ers love the spring.
p rall.

Between the acres of the rye,
 With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
 These pretty country folks would lie,
 In spring time, *etc.*

This carol they began that hour,
 With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
 How that a life was but a flower.
 In spring time, *etc.*

And therefore take the present time,
 With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
 For love is crownèd with the prime
 In spring time, *etc.*

O Mistress Mine

*Twelfth Night.*Melody is from MORLEY'S
*Consort Lessons (1599).**Allegro moderato.*

O mis-tress mine, Where are you roam-ing?



O mis-tress mine, where are you roam - ing?



O stay and hear; your true love's com - ing,



That can sing both high and low. Trip



. . . . no fur - ther, pret - ty sweet - - ing;



Jour - neys end in . . lov - ers meet-ing, Ev-

- - - - ery wise man's son doth know.

What is love? 'tis not here - af - ter; What is

love? 'tis not here - af - ter; pres - ent mirth hath

... pres - ent laugh - ter; What's to come is

... still un - sure. In de - lay there lies no

plen - ty; Then come kiss me, sweet and

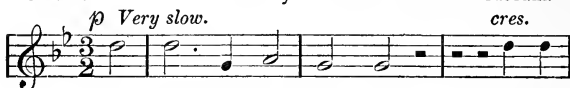
twent - y, Youth's . . . a stuff will not en - dure.

O Willo, Willo, Willo!

A parody is appended, which was written, or at least published about 1668. It is of a date which suggests the probability that it was unknown to Shakespere.

Othello.

Melody from MS. in British Museum.



The poore soule sate sigh - inge by a



sick - a - moore tree, Singe wil - lo, wil - lo,



wil - lo! With his hand in his



bos - om and his heade up - on his knee; O



wil - lo, wil - lo, wil - lo, wil - lo! O



wil - lo, wil - lo, wil - lo, wil - lo Shall

Songs That Every Child Should Know 207



be my gare-land; Singe all a greene wil - lo,



wil - lo, wil - lo, wil - lo! Aye me the



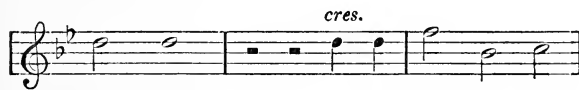
greene wil - lo must be my gare - land.



He sigh'd in his sing - inge and



made a greate moane, Singe wil - lo, wil-lo,



wil - lo! I am deade to all



pleas - ure, my trewe love she is gone, O



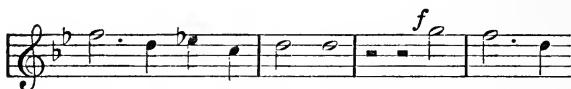
wil - lo, wil - lo, wil - lo, wil - lo! O



wil - lo, wil - lo, wil - lo, wil - lo Shall



be my gare-land; Singe all a greene wil - lo,



wil - lo, wil - lo, wil - lo! Aye me the



greene wil - lo must be my gare - land.

PARODY

“ A poore foule sat sighing near a gingerbread stall,
 O gingerbread O, gingerbread O!
 With his hands in his pockets, his head on the wall,
 O gingerbread O, gingerbread O!
 You pye-wives of Smithfield, what would you be at,
 Who talks of plum-pudding, here 's better than that,
 For here 's gingerbread O, gingerbread O!”

Take, O Take Those Lips Away

Measure for Measure.

J. WILSON (1594-1673).

p *Adagio con molto espress.*



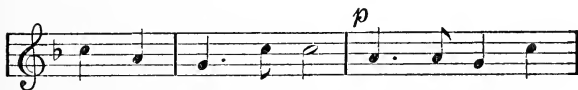
Take, O take those lips



a - way, That so sweet - ly were for - sworn;



And those eyes, the break of day, Lights that



do mis - lead the morn. But my kis - ses



bring a - gain, Seals of love, but seal'd in vain.

Where The Bee Sucks

The Tempest.

R. JOHNSON (1612).



Where the bee sucks, there suck I . . . In a cow-slip's



bell I lie; There I couch when owls do cry. On the



bat's back I do fly Af-ter Sum-mer mer-ri-ly.



Mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly shall I live now,



Un-der the blos-som that hangs on the bough.



Mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly, shall I live now,



Un-der the blos-som that hangs on the bough.

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